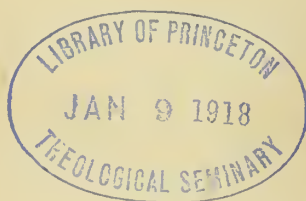


SKETCH OF THE LIFE  
~ ~ ~ OF ~ ~ ~  
ANNA BACKHOUSE

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BX 7745 .B15 A3 1852  
Gurney, Eliza Paul  
Kirkbride, 1801-1881.  
A brief sketch of the life  
of Anna Backhouse

To Mr. White  
with E. P. Gurney's  
Love

1853







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210 32

Sarah F. Mendenhall.

1859

~~215 Madison St.~~

212 E 33<sup>rd</sup> St. 1861

210 E 33<sup>rd</sup> St. 1862

1864







A BRIEF SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF ANNA BACKHOUSE,

BY ONE

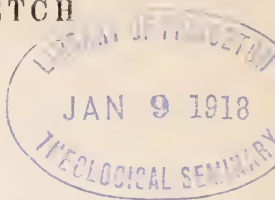
WHO KNEW HER WELL, LOVED HER MUCH, AND WAS  
OFTEN INSTRUCTED BY HER.

"For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that which is measured by number of years.

"But *wisdom* is the gray hair unto men, and an *unspotted life* is old age."

JOHN RODGERS,  
BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

1852.





# THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

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NOTE.

THIS little volume is only printed for A. B.'s family and particular friends, and it is requested that it may not be published without the consent of the Editor.

*West Hill, 1852.*



BRIEF SKETCH  
OF THE  
LIFE OF ANNA BACKHOUSE.

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CHAPTER I.

WE so rarely meet with instances of youthful piety, so often may it be sorrowfully said of those in early life, "*all seek their own*, not the things which are Jesus Christ's;" that when eminent young Christians are taken from us, and no record is made of their instructive histories, we feel that the Church is robbed of her due, and an opportunity is lost of magnifying "the exceeding riches of the grace of God," which made them what they were.

Such are the convictions which have induced the writer, to attempt a little sketch of the life and character of ANNA BACKHOUSE, chiefly compiled from her letters, journals, etc. She was the daughter of Joseph John and Jane Gurney, and was born at Earlham, near Norwich, the 21st of 12th month, 1820. Endowed by nature with more than ordinary talent, she had also the great advantage of the most minute care and refined culture; and ample was the compensation she made for all the pains

that were bestowed upon her. Her beloved mother died while she was quite in her infancy; but she had the high privilege of being, first, the pupil, and afterward, the intimate companion of her gifted father and aunts; from whose rich stores of varied information, and still richer treasuries of heavenly lore, her vigorous and thirsting spirit did not fail to draw abundant and continuous supplies. To all these beloved relatives, she was closely attached. *Their* will was *her* law, in early childhood, and, in after life, her unremitting attention to their wishes, and earnest solicitude to promote their welfare in every way, were strikingly beautiful. Her love for her only brother was also exceedingly strong; and, though fifteen months his junior, her watchful care over him, and constant anxiety on his account, when he was about to enter on the busy stage of life, were truly *maternal*. Indeed, in the rigid fulfilment of her relative duties she seemed to forget herself; and being of a slight and delicate frame, there is little doubt that her health was affected, and her constitution impaired by the too frequent demands that were made upon her sympathy; the mind and body acting and reacting on each other, before her powers were sufficiently matured to bear the stress so early laid upon them. This greatly added to the natural refinement and delicacy of her whole appearance; and one's first thought on seeing her, was, that she was not long to be a dweller in this vale of tears, but was "heir to a holier inheritance." On con-

versing with her, the impression was confirmed. In the soft and subdued tones of her voice, the sweetness and gentleness of her manner, the unnatural brightness of her hazel eye, and the amiability and loveliness of her disposition, this youthful Christian confessed herself "a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth, seeking a *better* country." The compiler of this little sketch, who knew her intimately for several years, never saw a shade of anger or discontent pass over her lovely, intellectual countenance. However clouds might gather on the brows around her, *her* beaming face maintained its undisturbed serenity; and she was truly an unfailing cheerer, comforting all who were in any sorrow—may we not reverently say—with the rich consolation wherewith she herself was comforted of God. Some extracts from her later journal, which it is designed to insert in this little memoir will evince that this is not the language of partial affection; but that this dear child was indeed remarkably disciplined in the school of Christ, *taught* of her gracious Lord!

In her father's second marriage, her loss of maternal care and tenderness, was, for a time, most happily supplied; but, in her fifteenth year, she was deprived by death of a mother, around whom her ardent affections were closely entwined. This might be said to be her first acquaintance with sorrow, as she was not old enough to realize her loss, when her own beloved mother died; and very bitter was the unlooked for trial to her loving young heart: but,

with characteristic disinterestedness, she soon lost sight of her own share in the bereavement, in the fulness of her sympathy for the honoured parent who had to drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. From this time, she became his confidential companion and bosom friend. A stronger tie has, perhaps, not often subsisted between father and daughter, than the one which bound *them* together. So close, indeed, was their union, that it is believed she never recovered from the shock of hearing of his sudden removal from this changing scene. May it not be said, in the beautiful words of the inspired writer?—

“They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,  
And in death they were not divided.”

In her simple and touching reminiscences of this beloved parent, she says :

“We were exceedingly fond of our father. At the same time, *his word was law*. It never entered our minds, I believe, openly to disobey him; and I am reported to have been in the habit of informing visitors, that papa required ‘implicit obedience.’

“We were very little children, when he began occasionally to take us into his study, for times of religious retirement and prayer. After sitting a short time in silence, he would often kneel down, and pour forth his prayers in the most simple words he could use. I think I shall never forget the very great solemnity, the holy, and, to me, as a little child, the *almost awful* feeling of some of these occasions ! We continued this practice, at times, till he went to America ;

and I well remember, that, when he gave us some parting religious advice, he spoke with comfort of these seasons of retirement; and said, that he hoped he had, in some measure, fulfilled his paternal duty, in endeavouring to train us in the *habit of prayer*. It was a subject he constantly pressed on our attention; begging us, also, to be most regular in reading the Scriptures to ourselves, morning and evening, and in endeavoring to wait upon the Lord. Having mentioned this, I think I must not omit another subject, which he also very frequently pressed upon our minds, so that they are connected in mine, as those on which he spoke to us the most often, and the most earnestly: this was, the immediate and *perceptible* guidance of the Holy Spirit—a doctrine which he endeavoured to explain to us, and the practical application of which he tried to make us *feel*, even at a very early age—‘THE GOLDEN CLUE,’ as he called it; a clue by which he was himself led, both in small things and great, more than any other person I ever knew.”

Can we for a moment doubt, that the watchful care and religious training, to which allusion is thus incidentally made, were remarkably and permanently blessed to the spiritual benefit of this dear child? and that, under the cherishing influence of the dews of Heaven, they produced those lovely Christian fruits, for which she was so conspicuous? And may it not act as a stimulus to those who are entrusted with the education of the young, to endeavour, both by precept and example, to “bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord”? In the same little sketch of her father, she says:

“Often, while we were taking a ramble in the park,

he would endeavour to impress upon us the great doctrines of Christianity, and especially the peculiar views and principles of Friends. He was quite strict with us about using the plain language ; and before we could fully understand the reason for it, the habit was completely established ; so that, though we were continually with people not Friends, we never had the least difficulty in using it. I believe he never passed it over, without reproving us, if he thought we transgressed his rules in this respect. But, while he thus endeavoured to cultivate a taste for our own peculiar path, he was always ready to acknowledge the good in those who did not in every thing agree with him ; and freely allowed us to associate with the great variety of guests, who at this time frequented Earlham."

Alluding to his "paternal care and anxiety" for his children, she relates a little circumstance, which is too closely connected with her early history, and too illustrative of her youthful training, to be omitted here. She says :

"Most bitterly did he suffer, if he saw us, even as children, doing any thing really wrong. I painfully remember the sorrow of seeing him weep, when I was very young, because he thought I had been persevering in a falsehood. It was a punishment far greater than any other he could inflict, and I entreated him to let me go away from him.

"In connexion with the same occurrence, he had a family sitting, in which he prayed, that 'my heart of stone might be taken away, and a heart of flesh given me.' Soon afterward I was in a sad state of mind, and could not bear myself without speaking to papa. Though he was engaged with company, he came most kindly to my bedside, and soothed

and comforted me, begging me to look to the Saviour : ‘Dost thou believe he died for thee?’ I remember his asking me.

“This circumstance was the means of increasing my extreme reverence for my father : all my feelings became more tender towards him, after having caused him so much pain ; and I felt the value of such a friend, when my young mind was oppressed with the sense of sin.”

A letter to the dear child on this occasion, written in a large hand, that it might be easily read (for she was only eight years old), evinces how earnestly he endeavoured to make her feel the extent of her transgression, and the magnitude of the offence of the slightest want of integrity, even in little things :

“EARLHAM, 1st month, 10th, 1829.

“My dearest little Anna :

“Now that we are coming to the end of this painful week, I feel very serious, and very thoughtful about my darling child.

“She well knows what a deep wound she inflicted on her dear papa, and how many bitter tears she made him shed. For what can grieve a parent like the sin of a child ?

“May he now believe that she will never grieve him so again ?

“Is she resolved to be a truly honest girl for the future ?

“Does she now feel what a dreadful sin, a *lie* is? and will she humbly endeavour for ever to avoid it?”

“I wish thee to answer this letter while I am at Norwich; but be sure not to say one word more than thou *really* feels; for this would only make bad, worse.

“Ah! my dear child, be assured, that there is no happiness to be found in anything, but in true virtue and in the FEAR of GOD.

“I am thy tenderly loving father,

“JOS. JNO. GURNEY.”

The following letter, dated a year or two later, will tend to shew, that her beloved father made use of suitable opportunities for commending, as well as reproving her:

“MANCHESTER, 4th month, 10th, 1832.

“My dearest Anna:

“Although my engagements are most pressing, it would be a shame, if I did not tell thee how delighted I have been by the good tidings I have received, after some anxiety, which the first account of thy measles occasioned me.

“I do consider it cause for humble gratitude to the Author of all good; and I have also been much gratified by the account of thy conduct under it, my darling child. I feel very much indebted to thy cousins, F. and R. Cresswell, for their great kindness. I am sure R. C. would be

like a mother to thee. I am well and happy, though very busy; and with dearest love to you all,

“I am thy attached father,

J. J. GURNEY.

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## CHAPTER II.

When quite young, A. B. commenced a journal, noting the occurrences of every day, and not unfrequently entering into close and serious self-examination, as in the presence of that Holy and All-seeing One, who looketh at the heart. This practice was continued till the close of her brief career; but it is to be regretted that her earlier memoranda (which would have given some insight into the gradual developement of her youthful Christian character) appear to have been destroyed. Those which the editor has in possession, commence in 1837, when she was just sixteen.

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### JOURNAL.

“1837. *Christmas Day*.—I have long wished to resume my Journal, which I left off, at the end of 1835. In 1836, I travelled with Papa, Aunt R. F., and John Henry, to the north of England, Scotland, &c.; and Papa was my chief object through that year. The same, till the middle of this, when he left us, and is now in America—thus, once

more, seeming to alter everything. I am deeply, and almost awfully, responsible for the many privileges I had, in being so constantly, and so intimately, with him. John Henry is, or ought to be, now my chief object; though, since Papa went, I have been much taken from *that*, and everything, by Aunt R. F.'s serious and dangerous illness. She is recovered, however, and, once more, all is smooth. I hope to go on constantly with this Journal now. As to my religious condition, I have often very much desired to be wholly given up to God.

“12 *mo.*, 26*th.*—I do desire it, but my heart is very wicked; and I am not half sensible enough of it. My sins are very numerous; and it is only in Jesus, that I can have hope. I *have* a little hope in Him; and I believe I do now bring all my sins before Him, and, for His sake, ask forgiveness. Oh! that I may have grace given me, to overcome the wickedness of my heart, and now, to devote myself to the service of my Heavenly Father. My meetings are so bad. They are my great difficulties; and the wandering thoughts in them, I might almost call one of my besetting sins. Castles in the air—follies in thought beyond telling—have I, when I am professing to worship God! I have great need, truly, to be humble; but I *am* very proud. I am enjoying a quiet morning reading, and writing out some prophecies, read over old Journals, &c.

“27*th.*—Uncle Gurney, Aunt Fry, and Priscilla arrived. Most pleasant to see them.

“29*th.*—After breakfast, nice walk with the three girls

and Unele G. Some way alone with Unele, talking about plans, our going to London, &c. I was provoked at myself, for being quite low; he was so like Papa; but it was most delightful being with him. After we came in, a nice reading with Aunt Fry; another walk, poetry, then dined at Unele Birkbeek's; met Jane Barelay and Ann Baekhouse; nice little talk with A. B.; slept with Aunt Fry; talked about our plans, very satisfactory.

"1838. 1st mo., 7th.—Had to change tickets at the school, so that I had no Bible-reading with the children. How I do wish I was more inclined to *serious thought*. How much depends on these thoughts; in words and actions one may escape much apparent sin, for a little time, but in thoughts never! at least, so I find it.

"1st day, 29th.—After meeting, two delightful letters from Papa, bringing accounts for which we *ought* to be—I hope *are*—truly thankful. What a merey to be permitted to receive such! This, and dearest J. H.'s sweetness this evening, make me feel thankful to a good God, who is merciful to such an unworthy creature as I am. May I feel His goodness, and my wickedness, more and more. I wish I had more time for Bible-reading in the morning. I will try, and make an effort to get it before breakfast this next week; but I am so lazy. Especial mercies of this week—accounts of Papa's prospering, J. H. going on satisfactorily, Aunt C. comfortable, Aunt R. F. continuing well. The greatest I can have in our circumstances; I can wish for no greater.

“MY RETURN TO THE GIVER :

“Neglect entire, often.

“*Cold*, when habit recalls me to some thought.

“Not serving Him with my whole heart.

“Constant disobeying of His commands.

“Not one thing done this week, with my sole end in it—His glory.

“This is how I stand with regard to my Creator, though I have not mentioned one millionth part of his mercies. The greatest is not mentioned, nor nearly all my faults. Do I deserve these mercies then? Oh, no! All I can do is to pray for forgiveness, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

“*2d mo.*, *14th*, 1838.—Letters from America most interesting and delightful; wanderings in Carolina and Virginia; many things I wrote about, he has taken no notice of, when I expected he would. The fact is, separation *is* separation; and it is, after all, but a poor notion of one's real state, that letters sent across the Atlantic, convey. I must, in future, set my account more for it. We have the greatest cause to be thankful for such letters.”

On returning from London, she writes :

“*5th mo.*, *13th*.—We are all comfortable; Aunt Rachel nicely. I am trying to think seriously this evening, what are my duties in coming home?

“I—MY HIGHEST DUTIES :

“1st. A constant watchfulness.

“2d. A constant prayerfulness.

"3d. Regular reading and prayer, twice a day at least.

"4th. Keeping *his* glory, not my own vain ambition in view, in anything I do, in societies, &c.

"5th. *Worship* at meeting. I might mention many, many more; indeed everything I do is, I know, a duty to God; and here, though *all* are included in this, I wish just to mention my especial duties to each of our little circle.

#### "II—To JOHN HENRY:

"1st. Never to be out of temper with him.

"2d. Thoughtfulness to please in little things.

"3d. Never to offend, if I can help it.

"4th. To use a right influence in a *right* way.

"5th. To lose no good opportunity of intimacy—on *religious* subjects especially.

#### "III—To AUNT CATHERINE:

"1st. Patience with everything.

"2d. Thoughtfulness to please in little things.

"3d. To attend to *her*, at the sacrifice of my own little pleasures, or even employments.

#### "IV—To AUNT R. F.:

"1st. To subdue the least feeling in myself of jealousy or pride, in little matters especially.

"2d. To watch to please her.

"3d. To aim at comforting and helping her, and not to oppose her, for the sake of having my own way.

#### "V—To VISITORS.

"1st. A general kindness.

"2d. No selfishness.

"3d. To do my best to use a right influence.

"4th. To get all the good I can from their example.

"5th *mo.*, 17th.—Strange to say, I feel that duties to

my God are harder to be performed than duties to my fellow creatures. And yet, how far more do I owe to God than to my dearest connections! May I have grace this week to serve Him, and do my duty to *them* also. Suppose it all done, I am but an unprofitable servant. I know it will *not* be, for I am very wicked. Where can I go for help, but to Jesus Christ? Yet there, my want of love staggers me. Oh, Lord! cleanse me by thy spirit from the *guilt* and *power* of sin; make me *very* humble. I trust I have written this not without some solemnity.

“20th, first day.—I have failed in *all*, under the first head; but, perhaps, the third duty; the fourth, I have not had much opportunity of keeping, or the contrary; the fifth duty, *every* day at reading I have sadly neglected. My second head.—J. H. has been a good deal out, and I do not remember any conspicuous instance of failure. Third head.—To Aunt Catherine, I am always rather deficient—have been several times out of temper; but she has been out the end of this week. Fourth head.—Have had many feelings of pride and jealousy, but endeavour to subdue them, and have sometimes been very happy with Aunt R.; my own fault when the contrary, which has scarcely been at all. Fifth head.—E. G. left us on 5th day. She is so unselfish herself, that it has tempted me to be idle about it. On the whole, I have had a happy week. My greatest fault, a constant forgetfulness of my God, and a coldness in devotional duties, which cannot imply that love which I ought to have. I am, indeed, very bad. I think I do feel some comfort in the remembrance, that there is a “sacrifice for sin.”

“1839. 11mo., 10th, 1st day.—Phil’, II, 3, 4.—

“Let nothing be done through strife, or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind, let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.” In these texts, three things shewn to be avoided—*Vanity, Pride, Selfishness*. That I may come to a clear sense of my own deficiency, let me note down, for this week, my failure in each, beginning with to-day.

“In the morning meeting, was more full of nonsensical fancies of greatness for myself, than of worship. This is the worst sort of vain glory. At the school did not do my lesson clearly with the children; but was more vexed that I *failed*, than that they would not understand. Afternoon meeting, a repetition of the morning; spoke highly to Susan Gapp, because I did not want the trouble of noticing her. I did not esteem her better than myself, then. Have had vain thoughts while writing this.

“*2d day*.—Vain of having done well at the Babur school; never answered aunt when she said the tea was weak. Cross at German. Been thinking follies about myself, instead of Bible-reading, this evening.

“But Pride destroys all, even affection. Oh! that this awful sin may be subdued, that humility may reign in my soul—that the lofty things may indeed be brought low. Oh! that I may watch and pray against it.”

A letter, written to her beloved father, when just on the point of completing his mission to America, is so characteristic of the writer, and does so much credit to her head and heart, that the editor is unwilling to withhold it. It should be remembered she had not yet attained her twentieth year:

“EARLHAM, 5th mo., 28th, 1840.

“My dearest Papa :—

“The steamer that goes on the 4th of next month, tempts me to send thee a few lines, beside our usual journal; and for that purpose I take a sheet all to myself; for I want to write to thee quite freely. We have received thy two most interesting letters; the first, giving an account of thy stay at Cuba, &c., and the second, of Savannah, and thy arrival at Charleston. In reference to the first, I will now simply say, that I trust we are most thankful for the mercy of thy deliverance in that fearful storm, which is quite terrible only to *read* of. In the second, thou draws a picture of what thou expects us to be. The standard thou sets before us is indeed a high one; and I feel, as concerns myself, it is one that it would be a great thing even to *approach*. That letter, however, confirms me in the desire I have had for some time, to give thee a *detailed* account of our state and condition, as far as I know it, that thou may have some idea what thou wilt find on thy return home. As that much longed for time approaches, I feel that it would be good, that thou should have a clear understanding of what we are now; for it is not likely that in three years there is no change; particularly with regard to dearest J. H., I feel that this is desirable, and as I have avoided giving thee details in my late letters about him, I am now going to do it as truly as I can in every particular. In looking back at the last three years, I feel that we have much cause for thankfulness, as regards him, believing, as I do fully, that his state is decidedly improved. Since thou left England, our circumstances have been peculiar. J. H. has been,

in all minor points, so entirely his own master, and the strong tide of religious influence, which we had over us before thou left, has been succeeded by *very little* (or, at least, very little to what we, from our babyhood, have been accustomed to,) of anything of that sort. Perhaps I use a wrong word, when I say *influence*; we *have* had the influence of our dearest aunts, and of the whole family; but no teachings and talkings, &c., such as we used to have so constantly with *thee*. By our sorrows before thou left, our minds were so drawn out into unity (shall I call it?) with thee, that we had a sort of reflected light from thee in those matters, that did not belong to us; and a very short time after thou left, I felt, in myself, and I saw in John Henry, a certain degree of relapse, or rather *reaction*. People might not have observed it in me, for I keep things closer much to myself than J. H. does; and aunt's illness, &c., forced me back to the *only* comfort; but there was a certain *swing* in dearest J. H. in expression, and in thought, I believe, (though it was far more *talk* than anything else,) a certain distaste to anything religious, or, at least, to any talk about it, which, though the extent it went to, was *really* very small, made me uncomfortable. In connection with this, came rather an increase of the small faults, that thou remembers—sleeping in the evening, late in the morning, little inattentions to older persons, a state which I cannot quite describe—a sort of “*I don't care for nobody*” state, and yet it was never to an extent that made any of the gentlemen of the family uncomfortable, or anything of that sort. J. H. was never anything but perfectly steady, in banking, &c., and, indeed, the dread of his acquiring a love of money-making, was one of my troubles. I can

scarcely tell thee how he emerged from this; it was gradually; but I do know that this *is not* his condition now. This sort of thing is still his temptation, and, at times, a temptation that gets the better of him; but it is balanced by a strong and, I do believe, a *deepening* religious principle—shown by his no longer avoiding the subject of religion in common conversation with us—by more private reading of the Bible—shown in many ways distinctly, and observed by us all. We have lately had many interesting conversations on Quakerism. He truly delighted in Benjamin Seebohm's ministry; and his attention to the Bible society, and his strong approval of other religious societies, are very pleasant to see. Still thou knows, my dearest father, that he does dislike "talk," and every now and then brings forward a proposition, quite startling if he thought what he said. I can explain what I mean. He much approves the dissemination of tracts and the Tract Society; but he would not go to a Tract meeting, partly because he does not like the singing and prayer at the beginning, and partly because he dislikes the degree of talk at such times. He will attend any out-of-the-way Bible meeting, and speak there strongly for it; but he had rather not go to Bible meetings where he can be of no use, at least such as the Norwich ones. I mention this, that thou may not be surprised at any of his odd speeches, which are, however, much less frequent than they used to be. I feel, dearest papa, that, on this most important point, there is *very great* satisfaction, both as to his general religious feeling and as to his friendliness; but he is in that state, as to both, and so out of the habit of intimate communication on these points, that thou wilt find that there is a little care wanted, to let thy full tide of

feeling on these subjects, come in rather *gentle waves* at first. I know thou wilt excuse my saying this to thee. In connection with his better state on these points, there is, in a great degree, a corresponding improvement in minor ones; he reads much more than he did, sleeps much less in an evening, though he still occasionally takes a great nap, and is improved in coming down to reading. In both these last, however, we could wish for still more improvement, and I think we are getting it. I now call him every morning, and he certainly does come down much more regularly than he did. I think thou wilt find him still less lazy than he is now; but I do believe that, if he misses reading with us sometimes, he does not on these mornings miss *a Bible-reading*. On first and fifth day mornings, we read earlier than others, a plan he peculiarly dislikes, and when he is late, on these days, as he often is, he says it is to "bear a testimony" against the plan. He is so droll and amiable about everything; and here I come to a bright point—his much increased affection for us all, and his increased kindness to others in little things. Nothing can be kinder than he is to Aunt C., about the carriage and everything; and his attention to *me* is most delightful to me. Though I have often told him of things I thought wrong, and constantly teased him about getting up and so on, I can truly say that his affection for me has been continually on the *increase*. I delight in him more and more, and nothing can be more pleasant than our intercourse. His kindness to all that come to the house every one acknowledges. He is not fond of company, but, as he says himself, he "is more civilized than he used to be." There is one more thing I want to say about him, and that is, thou must not expect to find the

boy thou left behind thee. John Henry is just twenty-one thou knows, and he is more than that in character and mind. His judgment is remarkably mature for his age; his appearance and his formed opinions all indicate the same. I think, dearest papa, that this is a very important point for thee to remember. If I may venture to say so, thou must be careful to consider how little he has had of being *managed*, indeed nothing lately; and I hope thou wilt find it right, more to *consult* than to *command*—to use thy paternal power more in influence than in authority. I have thought a good deal about what I am saying, and, therefore, thou wilt excuse my writing freely, because I have the most earnest desire that no *rub*, not even the smallest, may interrupt thy and his happiness in your meeting. Thou hast often said, since thou went away, that thou hast been mercifully preserved from anxiety respecting us; and I cannot help hoping that this will be the case *after* thy return; that seeing, as I trust thou wilt, our *intention* to do right, thou wilt be able in little daily matters, to let that intention work itself out, and not be too anxious as to every particular little act; that is to say, as far as regards J. H., to speak more respecting principles than details, more as to masses than to each incident. If I may speak so plainly, to be as little on the system of "*fidget*" as possible.

"Having read this long rigmarole to my aunt, and it having met her approval, I will just add, that I think we owe a great debt of gratitude to her, for that delightful influence and example, which, I believe, have greatly contributed to our preservation from harm and improvement in good; knowing, however, as I do, that thanks are owing, in a far higher degree, to that merciful Heavenly

Father, who has been near us to help and protect, and who has guided *thee* and *us* on our way. I trust I have given thee no pain in an account, which I feel to be one of an encouraging nature. I have written it because I felt it right to do so, and I shall feel more comfortable for having done it. Farewell my own dearest papa. I remain thy most loving and (notwithstanding this *free letter*), I hope, *dutiful daughter*,  
ANNA GURNEY."

"1840. 8mo., 17th—*first day evening*.—All the party gone to meeting but me. I am not strong enough for two meetings, since my attack of illness, for the recovery from which, so easily, I desire to be thankful. I wish I could mark more improvement in myself since I last wrote. I have a hope that God has been pleased to draw me nearer to Himself, and He has allowed me to feel His graciousness to my soul. I would also desire, thankfully, to acknowledge that my prayers have not been disregarded, especially that I think I see a marked improvement in religious feeling in J. H. We are also looking with great happiness towards my dearest father's return. How (with this list of mercies before me) shall I acknowledge, that the *pride* of my heart continues very great, and that it has corrupted my thoughts, words and actions. Self is an idol, which I fear I worship more than I do my God! Oh! I would I were deeply humbled on this account; and as a very great sinner, I do now entreat to be forgiven for the sake of Jesus Christ; and I do earnestly desire that I may know Him as my Saviour and Sanctifier through the Holy Spirit. That I may have *pardon* and *grace*. Be pleased, O Lord, to pardon and to cleanse me.

## CHAPTER III.

Soon after making the foregoing entry, her heart was gladdened by the return of her beloved parent to his native land. The joyful event was announced to her, in the following letters, from her Aunt Buxton and her Cousin C. B—— :

“UPTON, August 18, 1840.

“My dearest Anna :

“One line I must send, to say we have seen thy beloved father ! He is just the same in all respects. It would be impossible to be less changed, or more delightful, may I not say ? He says he has much enjoyed a beautiful voyage home, and comes back without a feather’s weight upon him—rested and relieved. So thee may be thankful, and enjoy, and *only* enjoy, his return. We had a large assembly to reading this morning—a beautiful prayer for our little T. B., and a lively song of praise and thanksgiving. It was peculiarly precious you may suppose. He had a good night, and was, long before breakfast, walking in the garden.

“Most affectionately,

H. B.”

“My dearest Anna :

“I must share the pleasure of telling thee, what an uncommonly delightful meeting we have had. It has been so easy and natural, and he so exactly like himself, that I

cannot tell thee what a rare occasion of pleasure it has been. I was poorly, and could only sit and look at him; but it was enough—the sight was so full of interest, so quiet and delightful. We had been in instant expectation for more than an hour, so we were of course all ready for the arrival, which was too deeply interesting to be noisy. Dearest Uncle seems in true enjoyment. He observed, when he sat down to supper, “I *must* say what I have sometimes almost feared to say.—This is a little Heaven below.”

“I regretted not being able to be at the reading, which turned out so peculiarly interesting. I made a mistake in not attending to papa’s request, and sending the boys to breakfast. There was such a party, and I feared their behaviour; but the great interest dearest Uncle manifested on seeing them afterward, quite touched me; it was such a proof of his love.

“Affectionately,

C. BUXTON.”

The above letters were inserted in her journal, and she proceeds to describe this period of deep and heartfelt interest to *her*, in her own sweet, simple way :

“The letters, from which the two last extracts were made, we received on 4th day morning, the 20th of 8mo., 1840; and learned from them that he would be with us in the evening. A long, long waiting-day we had! We had, most of us, woke early, and a strong sense of excitement prevented any rest during the course of it. Our party were the two aunts and myself, Bessie and John. It was a great help to be together. Fletcher was busy about the

books. Everything being put in order, and the whole house rather in a bustle. Aunt Catherine's prayer at reading, in the morning, beautiful, calming, and helping. We dined early, and were dressed and ready, by a little after 6 in the evening, expecting them about 7. John stationed himself at the hall-door; I at the window; there we sat till too dark to see. The Birkbecks came and we all waited, in a most stupified state of exhaustion, till near 9; then we heard a carriage, and rushed to the door. It was quite dusk; John Henry's voice was the first I heard; "We're all right; he's on the box with *me*." Papa said, "*Gently, gently*;" I said, "*Don't hurry*," manfully. He clambered down into my arms, and our first *long* kiss was much too overpowering, for me to be able to describe the sensation! While he greeted all the others, I had time a little to get my breath, and we adjourned into the dining-room to tea. Aunt Fry, Unele and Aunt Buxton, and John Henry, came with him. He was perfectly calm, easy, and natural; enjoying his meal; talking little, but completely happy and peaceful. The Buxtons soon went off to the Forsters, Aunt Fry up stairs, John read a psalm, and we all went quietly to bed. The *peace* felt then, and all the next day, was, to *me*, like *that* which was given us when he went away at Liverpool—*then*, in the midst of great sorrow—now in the midst of great joy, but the same peace! It was most delightful to see him and John Henry together! Everything to *me*. We were to read at 8, and so were all up in good time. I went to him before reading; read to him for a few minutes, just as we used to do, but *could* not talk to him as I intended. We mustered, at reading, with John and Bessie, and all the servants of course, about thirty. Papa shook hands

with those he had not seen, and then, sitting down, read the 14th of John. I cannot the least describe the feeling of hearing his voice again in reading and in his lovely little comment afterwards, on, "Because I live, *ye* shall live also." The preservation of himself and those nearest to him. Their *life* given them temporally and spiritually, a proof of a *living Saviour*. I can remember very little of the words—"I am permitted to return home," he said, "with unalloyed peace, but without excitement. After a journey of more than twenty thousand miles—after a variety of perils by land and sea—after many difficulties, in which my temporal life has been given me for a prey, and I hope I may say *deepened* in my *spiritual* life, I am permitted to find those nearest and dearest to me alive naturally, and also alive spiritually. What a proof it is of a *living Saviour*." He then expressed how often he had experienced this truth in his long and varied pilgrimage; its power to help and to sustain and to comfort; and finished, by repeating with the strongest emphasis, the words of Job, "Oh, that my words were written—that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever, '*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*'" Aunt Fry returned thanks and offered prayer in her own beautiful way, making especial mention of the two aunts. John Henry and I had then a charming walk round the garden, with him; and for the first time, I began to feel easy and natural, and able, thoroughly, to enjoy it. He admired everything. After breakfast, Papa and John Henry hurried off to the Grove, and met us and the Buxtons and the Forsters at the meeting-house. This was most pleasant. We watched him greet all the friends, who looked so pleased to see him; Aunt Catherine and Aunt Buxton busy, talking

to every body ; people smiling with delight, and I, for one, receiving a whole host of congratulations. It was deeply interesting to see him walk up the meeting and take his own seat ; truly, thankfulness and solemnity were given in no common degree, as we settled in silence. It was first broken by dear old Frances Page kneeling down, and giving thanks for his return most sweetly, and made more interesting by our never having expected to see her at meeting again, six months ago. Soon after, Papa rose. He thought he might employ the words of the Psalmist, "Thou hast put gladness into our hearts," &c.; that it was given him to feel unsullied peace, and what might be compared to the cloudless sky. He went on to the *foundation* of true quiet of mind ; the principal ingredient of happiness ; what happiness was lasting ; his experience of the faithfulness of his Great Master during his long journey ; of the efficacy of the Scriptures ; of the Holy Spirit as the *applier* ; of the foundation of a Christian's hope ; ending with a strong appeal to attend to the guidance of the Spirit. I can only give this slight sketch ; but his standing in his old place proclaiming his views of religion, with his testimony to them from fresh experience, was more striking to me than I can express. After meeting, *en masse* the family walked off. A fine party assembled at dinner—Aunt Fry, Uncle and Aunt Buxton, the Forsters, John and Bessie, and our home-party, not forgetting Papa's attendant, Alexander Taylor, who seemed greatly entertained with the family proceedings. There was no great talking, but all happiness. The interest of *looking* at everybody was enough. As soon as the cloth was removed, Papa knelt down and returned thanks beautifully, for his return to his dear peaceful home, adorned in such beauty ;

\* Continued to her

and prayed earnestly that self might be held in no reputation, but that all praise and honour might be given where alone they were due. Aunt Fry added a few sweet words; a hope that increased dedication might shew forth thankfulness.

“EARLHAM, 29th.—On the 25th we drove over to Northrepp’s; had a delightful visit; dear Aunt Cunningham with us.

“5th day.—The C’s went away, and the B’s in the afternoon; and, for the first time since his return, we were alone—Papa, Aunt R. F., John Henry and I. We had a sweet, peaceful evening, and I think our happiness was hallowed to a certain extent.

“6th and 7th.—Both quiet days; Papa much alone with me; and I am delighted to find him able to be thoroughly intimate with me, and throwing a great deal into my hands. We were quiet and alone till fourth day evening, when William and Priscilla Leatham arrived, and very pleasant was our meeting. P. charmed to see Papa. Hannah Lean\* came to see her poor mother, on the 17th, whose grievous accident has been a trial to us all. It is very pleasant to have the Lodge filled with the Leathams, and dear Uncle and Aunt Gurney, who came on 5th day, in time for the Monthly Meeting. In returning his certificate, Papa gave a slight sketch of his journey, and he had his American certificates read—from Ohio, Indiana, Carolina, Baltimore, New York and New England; giving a good account of his “circumspect, consistent behaviour,” and

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\* H. L. had been Anna Gurney’s governess, and her mother was a worthy Friend, who resided for some years in the Gurney family.

"sound and edifying ministry." Most satisfactory they were, and inexpressible was the contrast between giving up and asking for his certificate. We all dined together here.

\* \* \* sleeps with me, and I enjoy her company, but she praises me rather more than would be good for me, if my mind did not contradict it. I believe I am *very* fond of being praised, though I don't think anything does me more harm.

"1840. 6th day.—I had a nice ride with William Henry Leatham. He is so truly agreeable. Evening here. Papa is most generous to me. My situation at home is delightful, and its importance suits my natural disposition. Both the dear gentlemen depend much upon me, and I am to take the mistress-ship in a few weeks.

"7th day.—Dined pleasantly at John's; Aunt Gurney obliged to go off in the morning, soon after breakfast, because of a worse account of dear Sarah Sheppard, who seems sinking. It is *very* affecting, and we all feel it so.

"9th month, 21st.—Yesterday a sweet day: I not very well, which prevented my enjoying meeting in the morning. Nice school, and comfortable afternoon meeting.  
\* \* \* Fine party at reading in the evening. Papa lets me have his private American journal to read; most interesting it is. I have had a nice little walk with my father, this morning, talking about America.

"10th month, 1st.—On third day week, we received the affecting account of Sarah Sheppard's death. She died on second day, about eleven. Never was a death more touching

—so young, so lovely, so useful. Received in mercy, we doubt not : I much feel the trial of it for myself ; and Bessie and Prissy do *extremely*. The account of her death most interesting from dear Bessie. We spent the evening together here. Fourth day was the Bible meeting ; the Bishop in the chair ; Papa close to him : it was all one could wish, in that way, to see Papa again there. I was much struck with his perfect ease and gentlemanliness. A good deal said about his return, in the report, and by the Bishop. He made a nice speech, and stayed in Norwich between that and the evening meeting. We came home and dined at John's. After dinner Kate and I walked forward with William Henry. Well the meeting in the evening was charming : Papa in the chair ; and his speech certainly most interesting. The connection between the religion of the Bible, and the just liberties of mankind. The story of the West Indies beautifully given, and familiarly. The attention of the large meeting chained. He no where appears more in his element than at Bible meetings, and no where revives more one's baby recollections of him.

“6th day.—Papa rather poorly, and worried with considerations as to the African Civilization Society, caused by the fear of its being unfriendly as to the war part ; some strongly disapproving.

“7th day.—He has now come to a clear decision, after the most thorough consideration, and the clearness of his putting the question to himself is worth observing. He can understand distinctions, and makes them ; but how provoking it is, when people *will* not : and some seem as if they *could* not.

"3d day.—Sarah with me most of the morning: delightful to see her. She very agreeable, and as sensible as usual.

"4th day.—Swayfield meeting with P'apa and Aunt: very interesting: Papa's sermon beautiful. A fine family party of Birkbeeks and Barelays. Catherine Hoare, and her two girls, and her father, Robert Hankinson, came to dinner; delightful to have them.

"6th day.—Luncheon at John's. Some useful talk with Catherine Hoare, with whose *power* I am extremely struck, as also with her principle and sense. Her cheerfulness is delightful: her father all *sun*: the children charming; managed to perfection. Evening—Knibb, John Alexander, Wm. Brock—interesting: Papa bright and powerful with them all. This morning Catherine and her children left us, after an early dinner. I will try to put down the hints she gave me, on acquiring power,—in a household, for example, which I want in the prospect before me:

"1. Never do any thing for power's sake.

"2. Let the *rule of right* be made the real governor: check whatever is contrary to it. For instance, bad temper shewn by one's self: checked, *because* contrary to the rule of right.

"3. Friendship with servants, if possible.

"4. When we have anything to speak about, to do it before going to bed: never to leave it over to the morning, if once decided that it was a duty to take it up.

"She *writes* any complaint she has to make: advises me not to be in a hurry: always would get the *best article* in the way of a new servant: never hesitate about wages when worth it.

"It strikes me that the following applies to R. C. and P. J., but most strongly to Catherine Hoare :

" 'Those who have the most power over themselves, have most power over other people.'

"Still *more* is to be added : how evidently she leans on help from above, in every thing.

"What superior people C. Hoare, R. Cresswell and P. Johnstone are ! And yet, how different ! Each acquires such strong influence ; but by different ways. We younger ones are highly privileged to have three such women in our circle ; so communicative : none, I should think, would be more helpful than C. H. to one's self, in any position ; she does so understand what you mean.

"1840. 10th, mo., 24. 7th day. It seems a very little while, since I sat with Aunt Catherine to write my last week's journal, and here I am again, but I have no time to moralize. Uncle Fowler came on first day morning ; very pleasant, indeed, his visit was, and we had a nice day upon the whole ; though, as regards myself, my account can be but poor ; my meetings being sadly disturbed by my thoughts wandering.

"2d day.—Long ride with Papa and Uncle F. to Cossey first. Call on Lord and Lady Stafford ; found Lady Bedingfield there : I had a good deal of talk with her : certainly a superior person : she asked me to go to see her in her convent at Hammersmith. Then we rode to the Forsters, where we met the Buxtons : very pleasant. I cantered by their carriage, to shew Uncle my mare, which he liked much. Uncle F. went away in the evening. Edward

Edwards and his daughter Catherine came. They were most agreeable; he particularly: she a most easy person, and I thoroughly liked her. She was very kind to me; and people connected with my own mamma are always interesting.

*5th day.*—The Edwards's went away, and we to meeting. Talk with them and Papa after breakfast about my own mother. E. E. said I was very like her. He was a good deal affected when he took leave of me, and said how much I put him in mind of her. I like to be thought like her, and I think I *must* be, rather, in mind; she was so fond of teaching, &c. My character must be a thorough medley; Gurney, Birkbeck, brought up under the influence of dearest Mamma; so that I have a touch of the Fowler, too, I have no doubt; and these family characters are so different. It is the worst part of me, that I admire myself, though I know too, more and more I think, what the 'desperately wicked' means.

*"6th day.*—Long ride with Papa to Ketteringham; a great deal of conversation with him: most easy and open. American letters, his book, &c. I hope I am thankful for such a privilege, and for being made at all able to meet his mind, which I *am*, to a certain extent.

*"7th day.*—This morning settling accounts with Aunt R. F., and taking them with a most earnest wish that I may keep them as well as she has done, and all sorts of wishes about my mistressship. I can't put them down; but I do so hope to *do right* in it, and *not wrong*, and to please the dear people, and to take the proper line with the maids,

&c. I have no doubt, that I feel the weight much more in prospect, than I shall when it comes to reality; and I shall be glad now to be fairly embarked in it.

*"10th mo., 31st, 7th day.*—The H's came this day week, and very pleasant it was to see them. A nice evening altogether: Elizabeth and Kate are remarkably agreeable. Aunt R. Fowler leaves us, on fifth day next. It is quite against my principle to make it a trial, but I do feel it very much, more than I ought, perhaps, because she will soon, I hope, be back again; but the prospect of the mistressship is weighty to me.

*"11th month, 14th.*—About one, Papa, Aunt R. F., and I, started for Ipswich, and arrived about seven at R. Alexander's, after a pleasant journey. I was much struck both with R. and A. Alexander; the former, a sound, sensible Friend, intelligent, devoted to philanthropy—teetotalism, especially; she, a lively, bright-minded person, deepened by religion, and long illness. Ann Stevenson lives with them; quite a charming person; forming an uncommon trio, altogether.

*"1st day.*—I was surprized to see such a large meeting; it proved an interesting one. Papa very excellent on Baptism, &c. Public meeting in the evening, large and interesting. I was very low all day, about Aunt R. F. chiefly.

*"2d day.*—Better every way: breakfasted at Thomas Foxes; pleasant: then on to Playford Hall, and this was delightful. Thomas Clarkson came to the door to meet us: a very fine old man, indeed, full of life and energy. He has had

a dream that he must write to the American Churches, which he is doing ; and read us a great deal of his paper : extremely forcible, a clear and strong line of argument running through it. His wife read it well, he repeating and emphasizing a word, now and then. After *that* was done, Papa read to T. C., Sir T. F. B's letter about the two Societies. He is most warm about their unity, and intends to take it up, when he has finished his present work. "Ah ! my dear sir, I must do this ; I *will* do it. I'll do it with *all* my heart. With *so much* pleasure. But I write very slowly ; I am almost blind." Then T. C. alluded to his tract on Baptism, explaining all about it, with the greatest energy ; running out again to the carriage, to finish with Papa about it. I am very glad I have seen *such* a man. To dinner at R. A's ; afterwards, a nice evening at Goldrood. Talk over the fire with Aunt R., in the evening.

"On third day morning, I walked forward with Aunt, and we parted peacefully and quietly. Remarkably pleasant visit at Needham, and a nice journey home with Papa. I had not a very good night, for I was rather full of thought. I earnestly desired *help* in a situation which forcibly brought back to me past feelings, and which is one of more responsibility than I have been before accustomed to.

"5th day.—Nice meeting. But poor, as regarded myself."

## CHAPTER IV.

“1840. 12th mo., 17th, 4th day.—We post-chaised it most of the way to Darlington. A warm reception at Polam. We staid there till the 25th, fifth day, and very interesting was our visit. J. B’s state, the dear girls, H. C. B. so sweet and affectionate, and, still more, being with E. P. K., were all things which I can’t write about, but which made my stay there not a common one. \* \* \* is delightful, and so open with me; I truly love her. I never more liked being with Ann and Jane; they feel their Father’s state; but it induces a sort of quietness in that house, which is particularly agreeable. I liked, too, being with Cousin E. Pease: indeed, they were all most kind. Well, as I said, we left on fifth day, and went to York, to the Tukes. The following day there, very pleasant; the girls so kind, and agreeable, and intelligent. S. Tuke a fine intellectual countenance, and conversation excellent; Catholics, spread of truth, &c., the subjects. Back here (Upton) by railroad on second day. Aunt Gurney came home last night.

“3d day.—Interesting quarterly meeting: Papa very instructive in the morning. His intimate mind, on this journey, has been pleasant, indeed, to me, and the year closes with *mercy all around*.

“1st mo., 19th, 1841.—This day has been marked to

me by a very interesting conversation with Papa, alluding to possible ties, of the greatest interest to us, and in the thought of which, after some little tossing, I feel very peaceeful.

*"2d mo., 6th day.*—Waylands and A. Opie to dine and lodge. Vennings and Gallibrandts to dinner. A sweet person is M. G.; a touch like Aunt Harriet, but only a touch; a pretty sister, too, only very delicate. We had quite a pleasant evening; talked about St. Petersburg, looked over Audubon, Papa shewing Aunt Cunningham's sketches: he read, at the end; interesting and sweet. The Waylands and A. Opie went next morning. To dinner came Edward and Catherine, Joseph and Anna, and E's darling chicks; and thoroughly we enjoyed their being with us. I had a long gossip with Catherine and Edward at night.

*"1st day*—Was interesting, especially the evening reading, and our sweet little meeting with Aunt Forster and Papa after it.

*"2d day morning*—They all went off early. After breakfast Papa came up to me for our usual German lesson; but, before he began, he gave me a letter which he had written to me, containing some sweet advice, and, in consequence of his intentions as to the future, a present of £—. I extremely felt his generosity, and appreciated it most fully: nothing can be more handsome than the way in which he has acted towards me, and very earnestly I desire to return all I can, in affection and help to him, through this and all other interests. Thus I am rich for a girl at home, and much wish to dispose of it entirely well. It will

enable me to GIVE FREELY, and so prone is my wise heart to vanity, that if I do not take care, I shall prove self-complacent in that same giving. May I be directed aright, and enabled to keep very closely in view, the glory of the Giver, the only real giver of every thing. In the evening of second day, we went to A. Opie's to meet the Vennings and G's again : an agreeable evening.

"2d mo., 13, 1st day evening.—I am longing to go to bed, but must just record a day which has been interesting to me, though I have been sadly guilty at meeting. I had a nice school ; after afternoon meeting, Papa walked with W. E. and I with Uncle F. to their house : then on alone with Papa, and enjoyed it : interesting conversation on the ministry,—the true source thereof, &c. It is strange with all one's naughtiness, how one is able to see what is meant by the differences in it. How *that* which does not seem the *real* thing, as friends view it, is not so easy to take to, as that which is livelier. But truly, I feel I have no right so to say, considering how little I profit by all, or any. *He*, as usual, strong about getting the good from every one, and I felt that, as far as I dared have an opinion, it was quite in unison with his. I enjoyed his freedom and openness. I have been but *flat* to-day, and lately. Oh ! that I may not go backward, instead of forward, in the course which I sometimes hope is begun. I need convincing (what I know, too) again and again, that in *me*, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. Papa's remarks on Justification very sweet (Romans v, 1, 2). Oh ! to know the thing itself !

"3d mo.—Dr. Wayland from Providence, America, came

in the evening : a very interesting person ; a Moral Philosopher, by his talk, and his books, too, I believe.

“*27th, 7th day.*—Marked by the death of dear Aunt Gurney, of the Grove. The Backhouses came in the morning. I was there with Papa, and truly valued the privilege.

“*3d mo., 13th, 7th day.*—I wrote last, a fortnight ago. That week (beginning on the 29th) was much engaged by the Grove : I was there every day, I think, till the funeral on sixth day : much in it of melancholy, and much of peace and comfort.

“*5th day.*—Dr. Wayland departed : Papa and I saw him off : he was able to give him some good hints about slavery ; and certainly Papa’s mild conciliatory way of going on with people, seems to me not only more Christian, but far more politic, than these hot anti-slaveryites, who have treated the Dr. so badly, because he differs from them about the District of Columbia.

“*6th day.*—Was the funeral. We were all at the Grove before meeting, and went with them : it was a nice, quiet time, peaceful, not overwhelming in any way. We dined at home, with the Chapmans. To the Grove in the evening ; a little religious opportunity.

“*1st day.*—I was not well, and just as H. C. Backhouse was beginning a sweet sermon, friend Hitchen seeing I looked faint, came and told me I had better go out of meeting, and I dare say it was well I came away when I

did. Papa so loving afterwards. Afternoon in bed almost entirely. — to dinner and lodge; pleasant discourse on friendliness: her mind is an enlarged one, and she does not easily perceive, I think, nice distinctions. One beautiful characteristic of Papa's is, that, taking the broadest and most comprehensive views, he yet does see those minute distinctions which it is well should be observed. Is it, I wonder, common for big minds to see little things? Yesterday Papa fixed to go to Bristol: busy evening preparing. Stopped this morning because of ear-ache in the night; his quiet trustfulness that it is right, sweet to see. It is a great pleasure to me that he is not going; we are so much together, that separation is very difficult.

“UPTON, 5th mo., 18, 1841.—The day before yearly meeting, one which, apparently, I shall have much cause to remember, and, I trust, to be thankful for. The time at home, since I last wrote, was passed very pleasantly. Aunt Catherine and Aunt Rachel Fowler there, and but little company; I much enjoyed it, and we had a charming little visit from Cousin Anna. I was a great deal with Papa, and deep in his interests, to my own comfort, and with wonderfully little dread of what is now beginning (in fact, if not in form). Proportionably have I felt the pain now, which must attend such a change, as his intentions, if carried out, will produce. Yet, truly, the balance in the happiness-scale is great. We came here from Tottenham on first day morning, after a pleasant visit at Runeton. E. P. K. and H. C. B. were at meeting. \* \* \* Oh! how earnestly do I desire that I may *deeply* learn the lesson, which, with all its happy parts, this change in our circumstances does, and ought to teach me, of my being so *nothing*; that, though still I may have the closest tie with dearest Papa,

and with *her*, too, in addition, yet, as I can no longer be *the* one, as I have had the privilege to be to *him*, that it may increase my dependence on *that* Father, with whom communion is only interrupted by our own sinfulness. I know that the gain of such a friend, and the taking off by her of burden, will be a wonderful advantage to me, and doubt not I shall estimate them more and more. But there *are* pains, though always decreasing, which it is right and natural to feel: and may it all prove, as it ought to do, a teaching lesson. Oh! may I *so* love, that it may work for good; and may the spirit of thankfulness be given me for the mercies bestowed, for the happiness granted to dearest Papa. How interesting is the thought of his losses, his services, his recompenses! He is so sweet and trustful.

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“UPTON, *5th mo.*, 22*d*, 1841.—On fourth day our meeting began: it was interesting and solemn. Papa and I dined at Devonshire Square: most sweet it was. I highly prized being with H. C. B., and sharing in her interests; and, as to my communication with dear E. P. K., nothing could have been more satisfactory or comforting to me. Papa, too, as happy as possible, and, much more than all, *peace* is stamped on this most interesting occurrence, in a way not to be mistaken. Oh! how earnestly I desire to be enabled to fill my relationship to her as I ought. \* \*

I thoroughly enjoyed the meetings, morning and afternoon: went home with Bessy. It is odd, to be so altered since we girls were at yearly meeting before: so *much* *graver*.

“*5th mo.*, 26*th*, 5*th* day.—Afternoon meeting, summary, &c, quite interesting and, I thought, solemn: a good deal of remark about dress and plain language; more, I think,

than on any other point. I am not very fond of being made, for simplicity's sake, to think so much about simplicity. I don't like to be disturbed about it, and am always glad when there is not much said or thought on the subject; as I think when there is, plainness may almost be said to defeat its own end, which I take to be the shewing of that moderation which is recommended in the Bible, and the advantage of which is, that it takes so little thought from better things. On the whole, however, I am abundantly satisfied with the yearly meeting. The general tone seems to me to be so richly evangelical, so fine, setting up so high a standard; and often the meetings have been so solemn, as to confirm *Friendliness* to my mind very comfortably. It is a great satisfaction to me to find the cogitations I have had over it, by myself, and with the Bible, during the last three years, so clench in with the reality of the thing now, as exemplified in these meetings. What an amazing privilege to be satisfied with the religious society you belong to: to feel that the causes of dissatisfaction were in yourself alone, or in those cases where the true principle is not legitimately carried out. I write this, that I may have my own record for myself, should I again be troubled with the doubts and difficulties that I sometimes have had. After meeting, to Devonshire Square: some very interesting conversation; and, when tea was over, a deeply touching prayer from H. C. B., in which she alluded to 'the reward of their faithfulness being given them in each other.' I felt it almost too great a privilege, for such a bad one as I, to be a sharer in such solemnities. We came away, truly feeling that peace, even *that* peace which marks *right*, is stamped on the whole affair. A charming drive home with Papa: free talk, and very valuable. How

I do hope, that such intimate communication with such good people, will not make me a hypocrite !

*"7th day, 6th mo., 5th.*—I have but a few minutes in which to say a great deal. The conclusion of the yearly meeting was interesting and satisfactory, and my many visits to Devonshire Square all I could wish. On second day, Papa and I, with Josiah Forster and Aunt R. F., propose setting off for Paris. Spent first day at Plaistow. Jews' meeting in the evening, at the Devonshire House. Third day, with H. C. B. and E. P. K. to Tottenham : Leyton to dinner : much to be thankful for : no time for detail.

*"EARLHAM, 6th mo., 27th, 1841.*—It is a long time since I wrote last ; but I must make some record of our visit to Paris, which was most interesting. Papa, J. F., and Uncle Gurney, got on well with their anti-slavery objects ; but I shall attempt no detail of their proceedings, as they will be given elsewhere. On seventh day, Aunt R. F. and I attended the funeral of the Comte de Perizord. Interesting and curious : about three hundred candles and oriflames : the gesticulations at the altar, &c., to me the absurdest part of the ceremony. The music was fine, and plenty of it, and some solemnity, I thought, in the whole thing. We afterward walked in the entertaining Palais Royal : had some callers, dined at the table d'hôte, and went up the Barriere de l'Etoile in the evening, from whence we had a magnificent view of the city and environs.

*"1st day.*—After our little meeting, took a long drive to visit a Sabbath School of Pressenees ; a beautiful sight, and truly refreshing, after the unsabbatical appearance of

the streets. In the afternoon, we went off to Pere la Chaise : an interesting speetaele ; espeeially where the *poor* people are buried, and the *ditch* for such is always open. A party we met at the gate excited my sympathy very strongly ; evidently a father, daughter, and two little boys, going to visit a mother's grave. They bought garlands as they entered. How I *did* pity that girl, and longed to go and talk to her : she looked very sorrowful, but had a fine countenancee, and I have no doubt was a very superior person. Why I knew all that, from a moment's glance, I cannot tell ; but I think I was not mistaken.

"Second day evening was, perhaps, the most entertaining of all, as we had the real interest of dining with Guizot, at the close of an afternoon in the Chamber of Peers. I had read so many of his books, and with such delight, that I heartily enjoyed it ; though I was far too frightened at him (I believe, merely at his intelleetual greatness), to talk to him ; but the others did, and he was very agreeable. His old mother delighted me ; we had a sweet conversation with her, before dinner, on Aunt Fry, &c. The evening passed off very pleasantly.

"On fourth day evening, we gave our Anti-Slavery soiree, and we are thankful to have it so well over. One hundred and twenty came, who were well seated in three of our rooms thrown into one. Josiah Forster spoke nieely, and introduced Papa, who made a capital speech in French, to his own, and, I am sure, to *my* admiration also. He was almost eloquent. A few most impressive sentenees, from Unele Gurney, in English, and then one of the Delesseres returned thanks on behalf of the company, very handsomely. The attention was extreme, and there was evidently a strong impression made. We left Paris on fifth day.

## CHAPTER V.

"*4th mo.*, 23*d*, 1842.—It certainly is not because I have had nothing to say, that I have so long delayed continuing my journal. The three months following the last entry, were as full of interest as possible; the two first occupied by our foreign journey, and the last by our return, ending with my father's marriage, on the 21st of tenth month. Of our journey on the Continent, to Prussia, Denmark, &c., there is an account in my letters to Aunt R. Fowler. Of the rest of the time, hitherto I have had little inclination to make a record, having been afraid, during part of it, of being intimate even with myself. But it is now quite different; we are perfectly settled, each in our own nook, and have every reason to be thankful and happy. My mother is, of course, quite established, and, I think, increasingly happy in her position. She has done every thing with great tact and judgment. All our relations are extremely fond of her. John Henry is thoroughly comfortable with her; the pleasure of his home is very decidedly increased by her presence. Papa is supplied to his utmost wishes, and I need not, therefore, add that I am most comfortable. I very highly prize her love and friendship, and am more light-hearted, in its true sense, than I have been able to be, since I was fourteen. Of course I have had to feel a reaction; after such a life of weight and excitement as mine has been the last year or two, the contrary has sometimes had rather a flattening effect upon the spirits, and it has been difficult to supply the vacuum. However,

this has very much subsided, and the craving for excitement, which is never a healthy feeling, has, I think, quite left me. It is difficult to fill up the history of external events. We had many callers after my mother came, which we quite liked, and then my parents and I had a pleasant little excursion to Fakenham, Holkham, Runceton, Lynn, &c.

“EARLHAM, 6mo., 10th, 1842.—The beginning of this month, the five youngest children from Runceton came, and spent a week with us. Their governess was left behind, and my time was very much devoted to them. They were particularly bright and lovely. I think their sort of education gives great charm, (tempered, as their's is, with sobriety and discipline)—much more charm than a more solid one, though, I suppose, it is not so good for the hard work of life. Are both combined impossible? On second day, leaving the children here, John Henry and I started, in a carriage, for Halesworth. We had a delightful drive. I had earnestly desired that this opportunity of being together might not be wasted, and I don't think it was. We began about horses and banks, but we got deeper, and had a very interesting conversation on religious matters, *Friends*, &c. I think we agreed very well—his mind is delightfully *clairvoyant*; and yet, I think, we shall very likely, if we live, take a more decided view of many points than we now do; and I believe we both warmly desire to be led in the right way. Oh! how I have felt the wish for us to be guided aright, and to do things from a *right motive*. I have, indeed, much reason to be thankful for the religious frame in which his mind is. There is no one thing in the world, I believe, I care about so much.

Sometimes, and perhaps *wrongly*, much more than about my own. All our talks were most interesting to me.

“6mo., 27th.—In the evening, a carriage drove up, and Anna Jenkins and Susanna Corder emerged from it, with William Forster. Soon after another, with the Balls and Wilson Crewdsons: so we had quite a gathering.

“4th day.—Barclay Fox arrived by mail. I rode with him to the Grove, then home, and attended to the friends, who were all sweet and agreeable. Bessy at John’s. J. H. and I a quiet evening to ourselves. The Balls and Crewdsons gone to Buxton. A parcel arrived for the C.’s in the evening, giving a poor account of their child.

“5th day.—They left us on the way to meeting, to go to it. I drove with B. F. in the new pony-chair. The meeting was solemn. A sweet prayer from A. Jenkins, whose lively spirit was very striking. In the second meeting, Lucy Aggs asked me to assist in reading, as Maria Blake was out. I could not make a speech to the contrary, and, therefore, set to work. I did not mind it much, but it was not very easy, as I was hungry and exhausted. A nice afternoon, however, and divers friends here in the evening.

“5th day.—I drove Susanna Corder in the pony-chair to the Grove. I am very much pleased with the fine, powerful mind, and sweet-loving spirit of this dear woman. She was most kind and affectionate to me, and I really prize the privilege of her friendship. We talked about Quakerieties, &c. I asked, were not different religious dispensations fitted to different minds, and would not it suit some, much more than others, to be Friends? Yes,

she said; but she thought no one who had really appreciated Quakerism would leave it. I don't think she agreed with me, that *some* minds are not fitted for it; cannot appreciate it; though she said some could less than others. She was very sensible about the *motives* of young people, &c. The Backhouses came to tea. We had a sitting in the evening, and A. J. spoke to J. H. and me, and said we were designed for extensive usefulness, she believed, and we must bow the neck to the yoke, which had been already found easy, &c. It was quite instructive, and I believe I wished to be as good as she said I ought, though I don't think I have a very *definite* idea of what sort of thing they mean is required. But I may know in time. Only to be willing! Well, may it be so.

"1st day, the 3d.—I was stupid at meeting, and at the school. Papa, who is better, had a large public meeting in the evening, at the Gildencroft. I have seldom heard him more excellent. His text was, 'When He, the spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.' He first beautifully unfolded the work of the spirit in the Church of *Christ*, and then its operation on the heart of individuals in convincing, converting, cleansing. His description of its effect in bringing to the cross was very striking.

"2d day.—Jane B. and I examined the Melton school in the morning. They did nicely. Aunt Fry, with Uncle and Katharine, came in the evening.

In consequence of J. J. Gurney's increased indisposition, the Earlham family removed, for a short

time, to the sea-side, in the early part of 7th mo., 1842, where the following memoranda was made:

“CROMER, 1st day afternoon, 7th mo., 10th, 1842.—I do not like this day to pass without making a little record of my own state, and of the family interests that surround us just now, even if I cannot tell the history of the past week. We have had a précieux, but touching, little meeting, this morning, in the dining-room here, (Lord Hasting's lodgings.) The party consisted of Uncle and Aunt Fry and Katharine, Uncle Buxton, Papa, my Mother and me. It was touching to look on some of them. Aunt Fry, Uncle Buxton, Papa, all three in so frail a state, and though we must not do anything but hope, (and I think we *shall* see them much better,) yet we cannot deny to ourselves that their present infirm condition does make us anxious. The silence of our little gathering was very sweet, and I felt really quiet, which I think is a true favour. Aunt Fry spoke in her own lovely way, alluding to the infirmities of mind and body, with which they were surrounded, and of the strong consolation derived from knowing their dependence to be placed on the Physician of value—on the unfailing refuge in their reconciled God. Then my Mother expressed her sense of the solemnity over us, and of the prayer that had been breathed silently among us. ‘Search me, O Lord, and know my heart—try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting—if we did breathe this prayer in sincerity, we should, and did know, not only our wicked way pointed out, but a sense of the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit would be given, and we be permitted to feel that we were indeed reconciled

to God through the dear Redeemer.' I thought I scarcely ought to feel all this belonging to *me*, but I did hope too, that I was included, in a measure, even of such mercy. Papa added a few words in the same strain, finishing with a most touching expression of his belief, that to some of them death had indeed been robbed of its terrors, and that they could look with calmness to the entrance through the pearl gates into everlasting life!

"Aunt Fry soon knelt down, and besought that in all things, whether they were raised up or cast down, whether the desires of their eyes for themselves, or others, were given them, or not, yet, that in *all things*, the name of the Lord might be magnified and exalted. It certainly was very sweet; and I believe even the naughtiest of the party—which, I suppose, was I—did, and do most earnestly, desire to leave all things in his hands, who knows what is right, and even to try, and wish for nothing but that devotion to Him, which He, in his mercy, will give, even to the weakest and naturally most sinful.

"Evening.—After this, I took a nice little walk on the shore with K. Fry. We compared notes about the dear invalids, and we could not feel much encouraged about them. Then I read and rested; and when my Parents went out, wrote the beginning of this. I joined them, on the shore, directly afterwards, and seldom enjoyed a walk more—the sun was shining brightly, and the sea looked lovely; and though I did not feel in high spirits, either about Papa, or my own private interests, yet I was comforted by a touch of that peace of which the remembrance alone is always so precious. Papa has been rather better this afternoon, and we had quite a large meeting in our dining-room, in which both he and Aunt Fry spoke

in an interesting way, on Love, Charity, and Unity—on the doctrine of redemption, and on the fruits of the Spirit. Thus the day has been one of rather peculiar refreshment, and I shall not soon forget, I think, the quietness and rest of it. I desire, very much, that in the coming week, and in future, I may be enabled more to restrain all wandering imaginations, than I have done, and to be much more truly and constantly set on the one thing needful. Yet, even in my best moments, all sorts of tiresome fancies and thoughts come in, and I am often ready to give it up altogether, so hard seems the fight with *self*, an idol, from which, I think, I wish to be delivered, and which, I am yet afraid I hug almost tighter than ever. May He who does mercifully help; whose help I have known; Oh! may it please Him, to carry forward His own work; may I not be suffered to oppose Him in the slightest manner, but may His power prevail over all—bring every thought into captivity, though it be even at the expense of any suffering and sorrow. This, I *believe*, is my real wish, but the “heart is deceitful above all things.”

“CROMER, 1st day evening, 7, 17, 1842.—In the evening, Papa and my Mother returned from Norwich—he very poorly—and altogether his poor state has been a true trial. I have been excessively anxious about him; and on fifth day, at meeting, I could only ask and beg for submission *whatever* came. He is better now, however; and, oh! if the favour of his real restoration is given us, we shall, have new cause to be thankful, very thankful indeed. Chenda B. is here, most pleasantly, and we have had an agreeable and substantial day, though our long North Walsham expedition rather cut it up.

“Poor Tot is dead, (her pet dog.) I shall sadly miss her. I quite dread finding the loss when I get home.

“CROMER, *1st day, 7th mo., 24th.*—I seem obliged to write on a *first day*, which I don't think is a very good plan; but I was very poorly yesterday, and unable to do anything. I am now spending a quiet evening alone, while the rest of the party are gone to a great public meeting, appointed by Papa. I have been exceedingly oppressed by stupidity and selfishness to-day, owing to the exhaustion of yesterday's attack. I have not been so poorly for long, and feel it a cause for thankfulness to be so much restored. I think that when one is very busy, and very well, as I have been here, and delighting in rather an unusual state of energy and industry, it may be a good lesson to be stopped, and shown how perfectly weak we are, and how soon knocked down by apparently the slightest causes. We have had a pleasant week of occupation. Jane Backhouse, Chenda, and I, read Greek with Cousin Anna; ride, bathe, and companionize, which, added to a good deal of sketching with K. Fry, have kept me thoroughly employed. Papa has been much the same—a little better we hope to-day. I have often felt most tryingly discouraged about him. He has had one or two meetings with the sailors here, and one with those at Sherringham.

“*7th day night, 7, 30, 1842.*

“To R. B.

“As we watched the ocean's tremendous play,  
And listened the war of the storm,  
We saw mid the dark water's snowy spray,  
A sea-bird's tiny form.

“She mounted the wave—she played with the foam ;  
Each billow but carried her higher ;  
And she looked like one at ease, and at home,  
As the wild wind blustered by her.

“In a moment we lost her and feared she was gone,  
But again on the topmost wave,  
We saw her careering joyously on—  
Good speed, little mariner brave.

“We left her there, in her fearless ease,  
Pursuing her track sublime—  
May we, dearest Chenda, while feeling the breeze—  
That roughens the eddies of time,

“May we, in each stormy and billowy hour,  
Which tosses our heavenward way,  
Be still upheld by sustaining power,  
Like that bird on the ocean’s spray,

“Till borne along by each flowing tide,  
And wafted by favouring gales,  
We may reach that haven for aye to abide,  
Where *eternal calm* prevails.

“I write in rather a *rhapsodical* mind, having composed the aforesaid, to-day, during a walk on the shore, with Katharine Fry and Addison Cresswell. That beautiful bird charmed me all the morning, and I thought it a shame not to try and make it a definite remembrance. I am now sitting by Chenda. We are both journalizing, and she has been reading me some of hers. It shows her own clear and beautifully regulated mind, of which I have

a higher opinion than ever, from our late close intercourse; its depth of seriousness, and its power of intellect, and its richness of sentiment, are quite uncommon, and most *feeding* to me. We two and Jane have read Greek at the Cottage, almost every day, and have, I hope, gained more than a mere brushing up of our Greek from these delightful occasions. We have been reading the Hebrews, and I do think it has helped to open my views of the "Mediator;" no one could hear Cousin Anna's comments, and mark her high reverence for the subject, without some edification. Oh, to have feeling brought up to the right standard! Chenda was three nights with Jane. I missed her exceedingly. John Henry came on fifth day morning, and went away early this morning. He brought sunshine with him, as usual, and I am afraid took it away too; for we have been all rather dull since he left us.

*"3d day afternoon—*We spent sketching on the Runton hills. I did not perform very well, but think I am improving.

*"4th day.—*A nice little morning meeting at Cromer Grove. I have not felt altogether strong this week, and not quite, therefore, entering into the spirit of our various occupations.

*"5th day.—*I rode in the heat by myself, to see the poor soldier at Aldly, and gave him a recommendation to the hospital, having written to R. M. to meet him. I had a nice visit to the poor man, ending by reading him a little in the Bible—rather an effort. Chenda and I have had some capital discourses. Papa has been varying all through this week, but, on the whole, rather better.

"CROMER, 1st day, 8mo., 7th, 1842.—This is the last time that I shall write here, I suppose, as we intend leaving Cromer to-morrow. I am sorrow not to have written during last week, which has been as pleasant as any we have spent, excepting that the Baekhouses going has left quite a blank, and that visions of our breaking up have been rather too prevalent. This day week we had an interesting meeting, in a barn at Rūnton.

"2d day.—A pleasant evening at Sherringham with their school children.

"3d day.—Jane's last reading at the Cottage—quite melancholy.

"4th day.—Quite a gathering of our friends to the week-day meeting; the departure of the Baekhouses; and Cousin L. Aggs' arrival.

"5th day.—Uncle Fry, K. F., Richenda, and I; a capital expedition to Beeson, &c.

"6th day.—Hebrews with Cousin Anna, and the whole afternoon sketching and calling at Sherringham.

"7th day.—We finished Hebrews with Cousin Anna, and certainly this reading of it has been peculiarly pleasant and interesting, as well as (I would hope) edifying. I do think it has tended to enlarge my views of the Great High Priest, and I do very earnestly desire that they may be deepened, and strengthened, that through faith in Him, I may know more than I now do, what it is to realize the meaning of the verse, I have been reading this morning in Peter. "Whom not having seen we love, in whom,

though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with *joy unspeakable and full of glory.*'

"Oh! what do I know of this? This view has also been brought before me by Taylor's *Spiritual Christianity*—a capital book, which I have much enjoyed, and have just finished. Yesterday, Aunt R. Fowler came by mail. I expect much to enjoy, being with her; and I think her visit to us, when we get back to Earllham, will answer well. We have had a sweet little take-leave sort of meeting, this morning, at the Cliff House, in which Papa beautifully returned thanks for the mercies received here; and supplicated for help, protection, and guidance. My Mother and Aunt Fry, also, sweetly expressed their sense of the favours received, especially during our little meetings, and Aunt Fry hoped we should all be encouraged and stimulated in our religious course.

"HUNSTANTON, 8th mo., 10th, 1842. 4th day night.—I am seated in my little bed room, in E. Edward's house, and while I am writing this, the blue flashes of lightning are streaming into my windows, and the crashes of thunder are beginning to follow them very closely. It has been most interesting to me to arrive here to-day; but before I enter upon it, I will go back to where I left off.

"On first day we had a fine large meeting in a barn at Trimmingham, which was filled with a multitude of poor people, and a few farmers; they were eager for tracts afterwards. The effect that Aunt Fry's address to children had on a little girl opposite me, was very remarkable.

"Second day morning, there was the usual bustle of departure, and we could not but quite dislike leaving Cromer, and ending the happy time we have spent there. Cousin

Anna came down to take leave of us : we had a delightful bathe, and set off, after an early dinner. We arrived at Holt, in good time; I enjoyed being thus again with my father and mother, and the improvement we have seen in him during the last two days, has been most cheering to us all. The meeting in the evening, at Holt, was particularly satisfactory, though small, and our sitting with the Muskett family next morning, exceedingly sweet; after which we drove to Melton Constable, a rather uninteresting house and park, but found Lord Hastings out; took a hasty sketch as we came home, which I had time to copy and colour, before our early dinner; after which we came to Wells, *via* Baysfield, whose inhabitants came out to shew us the gardens. The grounds here are very pretty. We reached Wells (passing the beautiful ruin, Beeson Priory, in our way,) in good time for the meeting there in the evening. Papa's sermon was particularly striking—his experience of the effect and necessity of religion in all countries, &c., ending by a close practical application—‘Have we renounced the idolatry of *self*?’

*4th day.*—We attended the nice little meeting of Friends there, this morning, and had sweet sittings with the Leslies and Gales. I cannot describe the feelings with which I approached this place (Hunstan), or those with which I stood looking out of my window up stairs, upon the village and sea. The place is so intimately connected with my own mother; and here it is I see, and can trace, the places where she used to go; but I cannot form even a definable conception of that one, who yet fills every thing here in my mind, and for whom I feel such true affection and reverence. We have been taking a charming walk among the beautiful

rocks on the beach, this evening, with our kind friends, the Edwards's, who have received us most hospitably. It was lovely and strange; and often, during the few hours I have yet spent here, I have found my eyes filled with tears, from emotions which I cannot describe the least, now that I have pen in hand to do it. It is such a mixture of the real and ideal,—of the world of present matter, and of spirit, giving life to every thing. I wished, however, to make a distinct record of a sweet evening; and I ought, I am sure, to lie down to night, deeply impressed with thankfulness for the present improvement in Papa, and for the multitude of blessings which a quick glance backwards to the time I was at Hunstan, when two years old, brings to my view; or, *would* bring, if I dared to wander back so far in my recollections.

“HUNSTANTON, 5th day morning.—

“THOUGHTS WHILE I WAS DRAWING ON THE SHORE

“I tread the shores, my mother,  
 Where thou hast often been,  
 There see the dashing of the wave,  
 As thou hast often seen :  
 They shew me rocks and rugged cliffs  
 Where thou hast loved to roam,  
 They shew the village school, and e'en  
 Thy own dear happy home.  
 All objects tell one touching tale—  
 They tell thy child of *thee* ;  
 But *thou* art silent, mother !  
 Thou speakest not to me :

Nor, searching in her farthest depths,  
Can Memory recall  
One picture of thy own dear self,  
Who givest life to all !—  
While here I cannot know thee,  
May but the grace be given,  
To follow in thy earthly track,  
And see thee first in Heaven !

## CHAPTER VI.

“EARLHAM, 1st *day evening*, 8th mo., 14th.—I am at home alone, this evening, while the rest of the family are gone to meeting, partly because I was not well yesterday, and am afraid of being overdone, and partly because I am rather expecting Aunt Rachel Fowler from Northrepp’s, on account of the death of her sister-in-law, Rebecca Fowler, the intelligence of which we have had to-day. I have been sitting under one of the trees by the lawn, reading part of David’s history, and musing; desiring good things for myself and John Henry. Oh! how I wish we may be right, not only in the general, but that we may not be permitted to take a path *ever so little wrong*. May we be granted very perceptible guidance, grace to obey it when it is given, and patience to wait for it till it is. I have been wishing for, or, at least, feeling the necessity of more complete devotion to my heavenly Father, and of that deep-seated love and gratitude to my Saviour, which springs from real appropriating faith in Him, and forms the right motive of action and feeling. The idea of ‘abiding in Him,’ has often been much with me, the last few days. I had a poor meeting this morning, and sadly find coldness and distraction, when I ought to find love and fervor in my mind at these times. Oh! that I may not prove at last a ‘whited sepulchre’! I had a warm greeting from Harriet Long and the school children, and rather a nice reading with them on the last first day. The place looks delicious, and we have every reason to be very thankful for returning

to it, in such peace and comfort, and with Papa so much better, as he is.

“EARLHAM, 8th mo., 21st, 1842, 1st day evening.—It is a week since I last wrote, and I am now again at home from meeting, from being rather unwell all this morning. The past week has brought so much interest with it, that it has rather overpowered me, and my body is discomposed in sympathy with my mind.

“I have just been reading over last first day’s record, and I am ashamed to think how little I have acted up, or thought up, to my desires then. I am afraid the week has passed without any more, and, I fear, with less fervour of spirit. Oh! Lord, forgive my coldness, and quicken me! I trust I write it reverentially. The principal interests of the week have been dear Hannah Scarnell’s death, and some interesting and very intimate conversations with \* \*

\* \* Thus the peace of Heaven, and the conflicts of earth have both been brought under my view; and, strange to say, my inclination is, I think, to dwell on the ‘turmoil,’ to forget the ‘rest.’ Dear Hannah Scarnell died on third day afternoon. I was with her, to my comfort, both then and the day previous. The last thing, I think, which she heard, was the hymn, ‘To Jesus, the crown of my hope,’ which I read to her, and in about twenty minutes after she peacefully expired. I felt it very sublime to be with her alone, as I was, until within about a quarter of an hour of her death. It was an elevating sight; but I am almost afraid of losing my sense of the awfulness of death, in watching it repeatedly, and, in each case, seeing something so perfectly peaceful. I shall most truly miss her, and I felt her funeral this morning almost like that of a near relation. I was quite overcome at the grave. We had a

solemn time : I was very low, and have been rather so all day. I have had some strange, flitting ideas before me, often ; especially when going up the drive to the graveyard. If I die soon, am I prepared ? is a question which I do not ask myself, perhaps, so seriously as I ought ; but the idea is not unfrequently before me. Happily, ' the one thing ' is what we want for death or life, and that I do earnestly desire. I have enjoyed some settlement—reading and drawing. A little success in the latter, has made me really vain. I am ashamed to write it, but so it is ! While such like foolish sins continue to exist, perhaps flourish, in me, how can I have a true part in Him, who is made unto us ' wisdom, righteousness and sanctification, as well as redemption ' ? May it be granted in abundant mercy.

EARLIAM, 9th mo., 27th, 1842.—I came from Northrepp's on seventh day, after a most interesting week : was much with Aunt Buxton, and truly liked it : they are all most kind, as usual—liking to have me. There are one or two points to be remembered, for my own benefit. First, we went seriously into the difference between Church and Friends. It rather frightened me to talk of such things, lest I should get the least unsettled ; but I was thankful to feel confirmed in the belief, that to *me*, at least, the profession of Friends is ' a more excellent way ' than any other. Yet Chenda and I never felt more united, I think, in the depths ; and the working out of our principle of divine guidance, was, even in her own experience, rather remarkably exemplified.

Surrounded, as she was, by loving and beloved relatives, who, whilst under a different religious

administration, were themselves shining as "lights in the world," it was no easy thing, for this dear young creature to persevere in the narrow and restricted path of self-denial and the daily cross, marked out for her, by her affectionate and watchful parent; but, finding that his wishes were confirmed by the witness for God in her own heart, she was enabled, by the aid of Divine Grace, to "hold fast the profession of her faith without wavering," "firm unto the end."

"EARLHAM, 1st day evening, 9th mo., 11th, 1842.—Drawing room, just after the family reading. While J. H. is napping, I feel inclined to go on with my journal. I have been spending a pleasant day alone with him; my father and mother at Yarmouth, and Harry Birkbeck, who has been staying with us, at Cromer. I can give but a poor account of my meetings to-day. I was sadly unsteady in thought, and, though tried by it, and often endeavouring to turn to true worship, I was again and again tempted away, and rose, both times, with an unsatisfied mind. Oh! when shall I learn this most difficult part of my whole course of duties. When will my heart be prepared for the exercise of worship! I am sometimes a good deal discouraged about it, though I have at others a fleeting taste of the right thing; more fervour, more devotion of spirit, more realizing of the object of Christian faith, and more close communion with the great Teacher, are, indeed, parts of Christian experience, in which I am greatly wanting, and which I do much desire to enjoy, though not enough. I have had some nice conversation with dearest J. H.;

though I was afraid, part of the time, too much of mere gossip for the day. Yet it is not often that we have an opportunity of talking over even family matters, and I do not like, therefore, to avoid it, whenever he wishes it. I told him a little about Edward Hoare, and his remarks, and mine in answer to them, on Uncle Buxton's saying, 'He did not think it mattered, if people got to Heaven, which way they went there.' J. H. said he thought we were all wrong, for there was only *one* way, and the difference of *sects* of which we had been speaking, was not a difference of *way* to Heaven. A little talk about the inspiration of Scripture, and then I read him two chapters in Genesis, after he had lighted the fire, and made us comfortable. Since, I have been reading to myself, in the Memoirs of Friends, and the Bible, and enjoyed it, but somehow my mind seems cloudy, and I long, perhaps not patiently enough, for a clearer sense of my own position in religious matters, and for a certainty in answering Pilate's question, 'What is truth?' But I know, I ought not to be restless, and I wish to depend more implicitly, and in more stillness, on Him who is sent to teach, as well as to comfort.

"To go back to the past week. On fifth day afternoon, my father and mother, and J. H., went to Yarmouth, leaving Harry and me to receive Edward and Maria Hoare. They came to dinner, and I enjoyed their company. Edward is very full of his work and his calling, and I could not but be struck with his warmth and glow, and the way in which his mind seems wholly bent on the diffusion of religion. We talked of little else, for every thing seemed to turn to it. They went away, about two, on sixth day, and I was glad of the afternoon to myself, to draw and read, &c. John Henry came back in the evening, and home with me

in the carriage from Norwich. I have begun Bridges on CXIX Psalm, in my morning reading, which I think I shall like. I very much desire to turn to good account the time I have before breakfast, for my Bible reading, &c. I have generally nearly an hour, but am often sadly indolent during it. May I this week be quickened to a diligent use of it, and to a steady getting up of a morning, so as to allow myself proper time.

“EARLHAM, *7th day evening, 9th mo., 17th, 1842.*—My room.—My parents are departed, this afternoon, for Attleboro’, &c., and John Henry is not yet home from the bank. The drawing-room is so dull, and so utterly lonely, that I have taken refuge in my own room, where I can hear the people down stairs, to write till J. H. comes. Papa went off poorly, and he is so sadly weak, and has lately had such return of perspirations, &c., that, in spite of all effort to the contrary, it is impossible not to be a little heavy hearted about him, and I have felt so during my solitary wander in the park this evening.

“*3d day.*—The dear parents came home, and we truly enjoyed being together again. Papa not at his strongest, however.

“*4th day.*—Bible Committee. Both my mother and I poorly. I was lying down most of the morning.

“*5th day.*—Meeting, and calls with my mother on the Glovers, and J. Priest: a walk to Colney school; quiet evening, with Maria Blake as our guest.

“*6th day.*—Uncle Dan., and Harriet, and Willie dined

here. I enjoyed seeing darling Harry ; she looked so sweet ; and was most loving and agreeable. I have read a little German, have had some poor people's business to attend to, and visited Babur and Melton ; so that I have accomplished something at my old objects, which I have neglected so much lately. I have been reading Coleridge's 'Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit' ; a very curious book, but written in (to me) so obscure a style, that I have not a very clear idea of its contents. It is on the inspiration of Scripture, and takes a different view from that in Ganssin's 'Theopneustic.' Ganssin argues most strongly for the inspiration of every part, of every *word*, of the Bible ; allows of no discrepencies, and says there are no mistakes. Coleridge appears to believe no such thing ; or, at least, does not consider such a belief as a necessary article of faith. He thinks that it is safer only to say, that as the Christian comes more and more under the influence of the Spirit, the *in-dwelling light*, he will discover more and more in the Bible that 'finds' him, and which he will recognize as produced by that spirit which is working in himself. He freely allows that there are small difficulties, mistakes, which he attributes to *human frailty*, which has its place, therefore, according to him, in the composition of the book. One of his principal arguments is, how should we have so much individuality of character displayed in the writing ? how should we feel the experience of the holy men who wrote it, to be an encouragement and lesson to us, in their conflicts, temptations, deliverances, and so on, if each word were dictated by the Holy Spirit to the several writers ? who, however, he acknowledges were moved by the Spirit in the general composition of the sacred volume. The argument seems to be curiously without force, because

surely, as we see the Almighty work by means in all cases, so he might in this. Ought not David, for instance, to have been prepared, by his various experiences, to give forth his Psalms, so that each word of them, though truly and really written under the superintending influence of the Holy Spirit, might be, also, as it were, (and, very probably, as it appeared to him) the natural result of the train of thought produced in his devotional mind by circumstances which then acted upon it? Besides, and more,—Has the Almighty but one style? ‘His thoughts are not as our thoughts.’ I cannot go into a further dissertation on the subject, nor am I able to enter into a critical examination of such discrepancies as, in a few points, are considered to exist. On the whole, though, I think that I more rest in Ganssin’s view of the subject; and the argument which appeared to me the strongest on that side of the question, had reference to the manner in which our Saviour and his Apostles always quoted the Scriptures; always with the greatest deference, and often arguing on separate words. On the other hand, there are some good points in Coleridge’s book, and it is well not to be superstitious, even on this subject.

“EARLHAM, *7th day morning, 9th month, 24th, 1842.*—I wrote last, this day week, while waiting for John Henry.

“*1st day.*—J. H. and I were alone. I had not comfortable meetings, and was altogether in a poor mind, yet I enjoyed being alone with him.

“*2d day.*—Called for Bessie Foster on horseback, took her a ride, and then brought her home with me. She and we three spent a pleasant evening together.

"*3d day.*—Bible Committee in the morning. Trudged about in the rain and sun, till half past three, when J. H. started with me in the pony-chair for Horstead. We had a very leisure drive, but a pleasant one, and had a most kind reception from the Brightwens. We enjoyed our evening alone with them. I was up early the next morning, drawing the house—an attempt which rather failed—and then we travelled back to Norwich. I much liked my journey and my company. A nice, long, quiet afternoon; and my father and mother returned in the evening; he looking very nicely.

"*5th day.*—We received the sad news of poor Priscilla Leatham's baby's death. The dear little girl was about nine months old. I have exceedingly felt the trial for *her*, poor dear, and have had rather a concern that we all may learn something from this teaching lesson. I have been drawing a good deal lately, writing a good many letters, as usual, and this morning have had the pleasure of more than an hour's German. I wish to make a point of this, whenever I can; and altogether feel as if I wanted quickening in my industry.

"*EARLHAM, 3d day morning, 10th mo., 3d, 1842.*—Last week was a full and interesting one. I will try and give a little account of it. My father had a great deal of exertion, but bore it well, and did not appear the worse for it, which was quite a comfort.

"On third day, the 29th, Eliz. Wayland came, Aunt Fry, Lady Jane, &c., to dinner. E. W. had my room, and I was with the girls up-stairs in the Red-room. It was really strange to pass these nights there; and it

reminded me, very strongly, of those I spent with Sarah and Catherine, just seven years before ! At times, I felt the anniversary of that sorrow very much, and it gave a deep under current to the thoughts of the week.

“Third day evening, was very pleasant.

“Fourth day. We had a large party to breakfast—the Gentlemen’s Bible Committee. An interesting reading in the morning from Papa, and I truly enjoyed to see him again in his element, which such occasions as these certainly are. Richard Kidd, Samuel Wiseman, and J. Massingham, sat by me, at breakfast, and we had some pleasant talk. August Mundenk had appeared the day before, and made an agreeable addition to the party. The Bible meeting itself was very interesting. A fine Christian spirit pervaded it. Edward Hoare, amongst others, spoke well, and my father delightfully. It was more of a resuscitation of old times than I have known before, and very pleasant.

“On the sixth day, our company dispersed ; and,

“On seventh day, papa and my mother went to Pakefield.

“The following fifth day, I went to Cromer with Caroline Hoare and Juliana Barclay, who, with Gurney, lodged here the night before. Cliff house was too full to receive us, so I lodged with E. Wilkinson, the other rooms being occupied by Richard, and Gurney and Caroline. This gave rise to my production for the Essay meeting, viz. : “Settling at Chadwick’s.” I wrote it very much to take off the idea of my being the author of another, far too grave to make it agreeable to own it. It was one, “On Clumsy Workmen of their Tools,” which had been good practice for me, and rather an useful subject for

thought. The great Essay meeting was on sixth day evening. We mustered, at Northrepp's, a very strong party—Buxtons, Hoares, and Frys, with H. Johnson and sisters—about forty. We had a most amusing evening, and I thought that the collection showed really some talent in the family, taken as a whole. The conclusion was at the Hoares' the next evening, for which I stayed, which was more than I intended to have done. However, I was very glad of such an opportunity of being with the Hs', whom I so seldom see. It answered well to me, and I greatly feel the importance of keeping up family connections while we can.

“Second day morning, I spent at Northrepp's hall and cottage, and went off by the mail. Just as we were starting, I was shocked at a note, put into my hand by some one, from Aunt Birkbeck, telling me of the death of Jonathan Backhouse! This sudden intelligence was quite stunning, and I could only ponder over it, in a sort of maze, as I travelled home.

“*3d day.* Wrote, of course, to the poor B.'s, and to my Father and Mother. The rest of this week was spent in sundry excursions on horseback, and in the carriage with Laura. Aunt C. went back to Cromer. Edward and Maria lodged here, on their way home. I could not but think the former really helped, by his Norfolk visit; and was delighted to hear him speak as he did about his Bible meeting visit here.

“*1st day.* A most pleasant, quiet day with John Henry. A good deal of reading and discourse in the evening.

"4th day. Received my Father and Mother to dinner. Our meeting has been delightful, only clouded by Prout's letter to my Father. But I am not very anxious through everything.

"7th day night, 11mo., 19, 1842.—Mary Ann has given me my book, that I may not let another week slip through, without a word here. We have had a most pleasant re-settlement at home. I never more luxuriated in my nest—my rooms, and horse, and leisure, so delightful. I never more enjoyed my Father and Mother and J. H. We have had but one cloud, and that the anxiety about Papa, who has been, at times, very poorly, especially the beginning of this week. Now we are much encouraged again. Prout speaks favourably; and, I trust, we may once more have to rejoice and be thankful. Prout says he has been on the *edge of a precipice*, and has put him on the strictest regimen. It is beautiful to see how my father takes this little cross, and how quiet and peaceful he is. He looks very lovely, and *heavenly almost*, in his expression. I dare not think of anything but his perfect restoration to health. May we all have patience to wait *the right* time for this blessing; and may we have also submission, while it is withheld! I was busy, as usual, settling, after I first came home; but in looking back over the fortnight, I don't think I have effected much. I have been reading Chalmers on the Romans, (most interesting and instructive); Smith's Lectures on Modern History, a capital but very tantalizing book; finished Waverly at last. I hope the long delay in reading this charming book shows that I am not quite so much interested in stories as I used to be. Maria Parker comes over once a week to

read to me, while I draw, so that I have done a little drawing and more work, quite a wonder for *me*; but I am trying to like it."

Whatever might have been her natural taste for "stories," as she terms them, certain it is, that the solid education she received, and the strong and fervent love of Truth, which had been instilled into her mind in early life, had the effect to weaken, if not annihilate, her interest in these works of fiction, and give her a just estimate of more substantial and instructive reading, such as is worthy to absorb the time and feed the intellect of those who feel that they are formed for *immortality*.

"The dear Baekhouses came to the Grove yesterday week, sixth day. We were there to meet them, and enjoyed together the comfort and quiet of their safe arrival. The poor girls were very low. H. C. B. charming! dignified, calm, and yet a real mourner! Last first day, the 13th, Papa preached a remarkably interesting sermon, on the text, "All things are yours," &c.; first explaining the union of the Father and the Son, then unfolding, beautifully, the privilege of the Christian, as shewn in each word of the text, stopping at *death*, to allude to those that were gone. It was one of the most striking sermons I ever heard. Edward and Catherine, and their sweet children, came to us on seventh day, (this day week), and stayed till third day morning.

"3d day.—Aunt C. and J. H. went to Runceton, leaving

me alone with my Father and Mother. Very pleasant; though we were anxious about Papa, who was poorly, we now think from having taken *leaded* water.

“4th day.—The Backhouses pleasantly in the evening.

“5th day.—Uncle and Aunt Buxton came, and have been paying us a delightful visit.

“6th day.—Ecclestone’s lecture on Africa, good and satisfactory. To-day I have been a great deal with Aunt Buxton; H. C. B. and Jane in the evening; and now I must stop. May I but know the great blessing of a little of the right thing to-morrow.

“1st day night, 11mo., 20th.—And I trust I may say, I *have* known a little of the “right thing,” which I feel to be a great blessing. The morning meeting was a serious one to me, and I had the comfort of feeling some sense of solemnity in it. A few verses in Peter about the living stone, and the “Spiritual Sacrifices,” were very interesting to me, before I went; and John Hodgkin’s sermon on Abraham’s sacrifice of his son, was in accordance with the train of my thoughts. He spoke of worship, of the offerings each ought to bring, and my Mother continued the subject. The school pleasant, though I had not looked over the lesson before, which was a mistake. I stayed at home in the afternoon, with Uncle and Aunt Buxton. We read the I. Thessalonians and Chalmers on the Romans. I had an interesting little talk with Aunt on my own position. She was very encouraging, as she always is to me. Perhaps too much so; though it was a *comfort* to

me to-day. I could not but tell her, in answer to what she said, that there was nothing very difficult to me in the external part of my profession, but how greatly I felt the coldness of my heart and the poverty of my motives. She sympathized, and said how much she knew of it too. Must one expect, as one grows in Christian experience, to know more and more of these sad, humbling truths? Uncle read, this evening, and prayed for Papa, for his restoration, &c.

"2d day, 11mo., 26th.—Uncle B. departed for Halesworth, leaving Aunt Buxton here, who was poorly with her eyes. I rode to the Grove, and then with Jane G. B. to Keswick and back. Dined at 5, to be ready for a visit from John Hodgkin, who had a concern to see us. He and Ann came together. He spoke to John Henry and me, reminding us of our life being a pilgrimage, and earnestly exhorting us to walk as pilgrims, referring a good deal, I thought, to the *externals* of 'Friendliness.' I particularly liked one part, when he pressed upon us all the necessity of keeping our eye steadily fixed on the mansions prepared in Heaven for the Lord's children. I think such a sermon ought to profit us; but it was made too affecting, by his repeated allusions to some *one* being soon to be taken from us.

"3d day morning.—Uncle Forster to breakfast. He spent most of the morning with me, talking. Fourth day, to Norwich, with my Father and Mother. The soup distribution, the Horticultural show, Bank, &c. A. Opie, Uncle Buxton, and the Forsters, to dinner. Papa had a poor night, and was very poorly on fifth day, which was a low day with us all. The Buxtons went, and the perfect quiet was very acceptable to us.

## CHAPTER VII.

"7th day, 17th, 12mo., 1842.—What a time it is since I wrote; but I feel much relieved, in being able to give a better account of Papa. He has certainly improved much, especially the last week. He was a good deal troubled in mind, about making arrangements for the servants having no beer, a plan which was difficult and disagreeable to execute. I can't say how I disliked it; though I have been obliged to confess that I did not *disapprove* it. But it has been truly *humbling*, and given trouble enough.

"On fourth day, the 30th, we had them all up in the drawing-room, in the evening. John Henry was away at Brooke, and I hid my face behind a screen, while he told them his intentions. He had a very interesting meeting with them, ending in solemn prayer.

"1st day night, 12mo., 1842.—We have had rather a nice day; though I have not been stayed enough in mind at meeting, still I have felt that both the meetings have been solemn and interesting. The first three-quarters of an hour, this morning, were wasted, perhaps *more* than wasted to me, till Papa knelt down, earnestly praying that we might all be strengthened to *abide in the truth*. L. Aggs afterwards spoke on, 'What hast thou, that thou hast not received.' H. C. B. on, 'Consider the lilies of the field.' In the afternoon, my parents pursued the subject of truth and dependence on the Lord, very sweetly. Oh, how precious to know anything of trust in Him, and

how he condescends even to those who can only say, 'Help my unbelief.' This evening, H. C. B. came to our family reading, and very beautifully prayed for us all; for renewed strength for my father; for deliverance from anxious care, for my mother; for preservation and help to confess Christ, wherever we may go for J. H. and me; for spiritual mindedness for all present, servants and dependents, &c. It was sweet; oh, may it but be granted! Papa has been very interesting in his sermons lately. One, last fifth day, on the influence of true religion on the mind, was very striking. He mentioned the Scriptures, and advised the constant reading of them in private. I liked it much.

"HALESWORTH, *7th day evening, 12mo., 24, 1842.*—Before my evening reading, and stepping into bed, where little Effie is already snoring in peace, I will attempt my journal of the week.

"*2d day.*—A settled industrious morning with Chenda Gurney, she reading Chalmers, German, Smythe, while I drew. A ride with her and papa to order some turkeys, (for New-Year's presents.) Then in with Chenda, to the Babur school; examined the children on the miracles of our Saviour, a subject which they had all prepared, and on which they answered truly well, to my great satisfaction. I set them to work on the Parables for their next subject, and scampered home. Some rather nice talk with Chenda on the road; but now that I am away from that dear girl, I feel sorry I did not venture more boldly on intimacy with her. Papa very nicely—quiet evening.

"*3d day.*—To Norwich with my father and mother, in the morning. Attended the Branch Bible Committee,

after which, went, by Mary Stanley's request, with her, to the National School Examination; found there, the Bishop and his lady, and many others. Enjoyed it—only was a little frightened. Back to the Bank for Chenda, and to see the Forsters. Walked to Surrey Street School; bright ten minutes there; then on to the Grove. A little walk with Ann, and home in the pony-chair—with my mother, before dinner, and a little visit from Laura.

“HALESWORTH, 5th day. — Breakfast with Cousin Andrew and his sister Catherine. She is a very amiable person, and though retiring, really sensible, and worth talking to. I long to be kind to her. Morning, up in this room with Priscilla, after a nice quiet time by myself. Begun reading the Parables. P., C. J. and I, meet here about 11; then read Isaiah, and write and read letters till luncheon. I like this quiet life much, and value being with them all, in their different ways. I know scarcely any one with whom I can so freely speak on all subjects as P. J., or whom I feel a more valuable helper and friend. She understands Friends; and though quite enjoying the forms of the Church, (the prayer-book especially,) yet she enjoys them in such a way, that one can understand and unite without any difficulty. To-night, I sat in my own room, finishing an interesting book, “Charlotte Elizabeth's Personal Recollections.” Some parts of it are beautifully written, and there are some good hints in it, as to reading the Bible as a *whole*, especially.

“EARLHAM, 7th day evening, 12mo., 31st, 1842.—My room—a good fire blazing at my back, and I writing at the table. My history of the week must be brief.

*1st day.*—With P. J. alone; it was Christmas day, and I enjoyed a quiet morning and afternoon with her, while the others were gone to church. I had a sweet little mite of a meeting too, before she came in, in the morning. We read in the Bible, and talked with comfort.

*"2d day.*—A noisy drive with the children. Priscilla down stairs.

*"3d day morning*—As usual. Have become very free and easy with C. J., who interests me from her circumstances; yet she is happy and cheerful. Some of Aunt C.'s journal and P.'s papers about the children. Heartily sorry to come to an end of my visit, which has been particularly pleasant, and I look back upon it as truly glowing. I hope, too, I have gained something from P.'s large mindedness and liberality, and I certainly think her most uncommon in intellectual and religious *power*, if that expression is suitable.

*"4th day.*—Rested myself, and went off to dine at the Grove. I spent a very pleasant evening there. Talked to John Hodgkin, and have liked the opportunity of getting acquainted with him. He is very sensible, and more sparkling than I thought.

*"5th day.*—Meeting not particularly interesting; and I was most exceedingly wanting in *that* which would have made it profitable, partly because so bodily tired. Afternoon, at the Grove, Doyles, A. Opie, Louise Seebohm.

*"6th day.*—Busy morning. Buxton and little Chenda

with me at breakfast. Ride to Keswick. Grove in the evening. Read Comus to Jane.

"7th day.—This morning, children; Bible, cxix. P.'s; Chalmer's; letters, letters, letters! disappointed, indeed, to find my father and mother not coming home till third day. I am tired of my solitary life; and was rather alarmed at receiving the new butler this morning. Papa gives a satisfactory account of his visit to Prout, and Prout's opinion of him, that I felt I must not be cross at his detention, and could not, also, but think that (raised up, as I believe he is, and *will* be by Him, who appears to grant our fervent desires and petitions on his behalf), we *dare not* grudge him for the services of his Lord and Master. I have had one *long* letter from J. H. —a very great treat, especially as shewing his thought and kindness to me. To Keswick, this evening. All very kind. Talk with Aunt about wedding dresses, &c.; and now I feel it strange to be writing this last evening of the year, and rather strange to end the year here, all alone, as I am now! What can I say of the past year? Its outward circumstances have been, in some respects, very weighty from my father's state; but I *greatly* feel the blessing of that care being now lightened. It is a thorough relief, and I do trust may be continued to us. Altogether, looking at our present condition, I feel how happy a one it is most entirely. John Henry so truly affectionate to me, and satisfactory in other matters. My father and mother in better health, blessing others, and being blessed themselves. My home abounding in luxuries and privileges. I cannot but wish, as I write, that nothing may arise to disturb me from it, before the end of '43, should I live to

see it. As to the internals of the past year, I much felt, this morning, my deficiencies; the want of devotion, the depth of pride, which had been exhibited in it; but I have, also, in a little measure, felt the rolling off of that burden on Him, who has set me free from the consequences of sin, who, I *do* desire, will set me free from the *power* of it. May I hope, that my faith in Him has been somewhat strengthened and enlarged. May I begin, to-morrow, more fervently to serve Him. In nothing do I more desire improvement than in my Sabbaths! O, for the *spirit* of worship! I am too sleepy to write more, or to go into the intellectual history of the year. I don't think I have done much, but I hope I have not lost much time for study, that I could have; and have gained, I hope, some little increase of thought from my reading.

"1843. 1st mo., 13th, 6th day afternoon.—What a time it is since I wrote. My parents came home on third day week, bringing with them Dillwyn and Anna Sims, who stayed all the week. My father's improved looks, no small comfort.

"2d day—Busy preparing for prizes.

"3d day—Giving them away—quite a prosperous occasion. Yesterday, Ann Backhouse passed the meeting; and we had a family re-union at the Grove, which was made more than a little touching by her mother's being away—poor dear! She and Jane bore it well; but it is a great trial of faith, and all other graces, to have their mother absent at such a time. I could but think of the blessings of her useful life, becoming evident, when she

takes up her many jewelled crown in another world; for could it be borne, if that was not to be looked forward to?

“And when the shore is won at last,  
Oh, who will count the billows past!”

“EARLHAM, *7th day evening, 2mo., 11th, 1843.*—My room. I cannot write a long account of the past fortnight, but it has been an interesting one. I soon found that my parents' minds were drawn towards Manchester, and towards helping H. C. B. there. I had nothing to object, so after a few very quiet and pleasant days together, in which I luxuriated in *them*, and my home comforts and occupations, they went away on fifth day last, and are only returned this evening, after a prosperous and satisfactory, though tiring, journey. It is not the least agreeable to me to miss them so much as I have done lately; but it is particularly pleasant to me to believe, that our sweet unity and naturalness, one with another, is *not* broken by it. Intimate daily dependence, such as papa used to have on me, is not now the thing to be expected; but the comfort is great, of finding all the material part of it, *always* there. Uncle Dan, Hay, and Charles, paid us a very pleasant visit of two days, during that week; and Edmund Gurney, Rachael and Luey Sheppard, were our guests, when the dear parents left, besides H. Birkbeck.

“*7th day.*—L. Sheppard and I were left alone, and we enjoyed two days of each other's company, and poor Louise, who joined us on first day evening.

“*2d day.*—John Henry came home to my very great pleasure. He was, and is, so sunny—so affectionate, so

*great* in mind, that I could not but delight in him, and give myself up to enjoying him—dear fellow. He was charmed too to get home.

“*3d day.*—We were at the Guildhall for several hours, Laura and Lucy giving their depositions about the burglary at John’s house. E. and Rachel joined us there from Runceton. It was a *sad* sight. The prisoners (a *young* man and two *bad* girls), looking perfectly hardened. When I thought of our own party joining in prosecuting them—placed in such different circumstances—the query, ‘Who maketh thee to differ from another,’ was most strongly in my remembrance. We *might* have been they, and how easily! A nice dinner-company that evening—John Henry reading to us.

“*4th day.*—They all went off; I to the Grove, and then rode with J. H. to call on H. Martin. Dined at the Birkbeck’s.

“*5th day.*—C. Salter’s funeral. Very striking sermon from \* \* \*, though not one we could quite unite in, yet I think it did me good, and brushed me up.

“*6th day.*—Rode to the Grove; looked over plans for wedding; rode with Jane; dined with Laura. A remarkable sweet talk with L.—dear creature! I do desire not to do her harm. She makes me talk on serious matters. May I not be the least bit of a hypocrite. To-day call with her on L. Scott. German master for the second time. Reading evening, by myself, till they came home.

"1843. 7th day evening, 4th mo., 29th.—I must put down a few words before I go to bed. The week has been an interesting one, and, in some ways, delightful, especially my intercourse with dearest John Henry.

"On second day evening, he and I were alone, and we discoursed from seven till half-past ten, on himself chiefly, dear fellow. It afresh excited the warmest desires of my heart, for his help and guidance, and that he may be satisfied with finding his right path in every way, especially, of course, that in *religious* matters he may take *exactly* the position designed for him. His affection and generosity, this week, when I have been particularly thrown upon him, have been very delightful to me. His openness of mind and heart has been all I could wish or ask, and brings back many an anxious hour to my remembrance, when he seemed so *locked up* to me. How earnestly I have desired this breaking down of barriers between us—how heartfelt should my thankfulness be to Him, who has so fully granted this request. Surely I may take it as an encouragement to believe, that in *all* things He will be pleased to make this darling brother what I so truly desire he may be. It has often puzzled me, *why* I mind more about his being good than about my own self being so. I cannot say how much I feel the prospect of giving up the daily intercourse by which our close tie has been made, yet I also feel the great comfort of perceiving it to be so strong, that such daily intercourse is no longer *necessary*, and much of intimate communication will, I trust, be very possible to us, even when separated.

"6th day.—Lady Parry, with Louisa and Priscilla, came

in the evening. Most interesting and delightful to meet her. I slept with her, and we had a sweet time before we went to bed. We read, and then she asked me if I objected to our uniting in prayer. Of course, I did not, and truly felt the preciousness and the privilege of it, while she asked, so very sweetly, for as much of the richness of temporal blessings as the love of our Heavenly Father would permit us to have, and for spiritual blessings in their fullness. I forget the words, but it was quite a comfort, and so was her conversation; so truly encouraging. She left us this morning.

About this time, her parents and her Aunt Fry set out on a religious visit to the Continent. They had very much wished to take this dear girl with them, but had yielded to some discouragements which were placed in the way. On a little reflection, however, it was concluded there could be no *valid* objection to their being indulged with companionship, which they so highly prized, and accordingly she was requested to join them in Paris without delay. This note will serve as a key to the succeeding memoranda. Truly she was, as she desired to be, a “a *real* help, and not a hindrance,” to her parents in this arduous journey.

“5th mo., 7th, 1st day evening.—And a strange day it has been. I was in a queer, confused state in the morning. Meeting, not quiet or comfortable. Plenty of letters when I got into the carriage, and I found they wished me to go to Paris at once. It was almost overcoming. Drove to

the bank, and got John Henry and Unele Birkbeek to fix that J. H. should take me to Paris, and we are to start on third day. Drove home, and really felt overwhelmed; such a bustle, and I had not expected it, after our disappointment. Read the letters to Bessy, who is, as usual, most kind and helpful. She broke the matter to Aunt C., who felt it exceedingly. Then wrote the necessary letters, and had a sort of little leave-taking at the school. Their verses were the *Living Water*, John IV. I told them how sincerely I wished *that* for *them*, and for *me*. We all felt it much. I did most truly. Afternoon meeting was not so quieting as I hoped it would be. To-morrow's bustle and business would come through my brain. But it has been a disturbed day, and when I dare look at it, how heartily I feel this departure. The prelude to another and greater, and the end of quiet settlement at this darling home. I believe I am right in going, and am rather glad I have not more time to think of it. This year *must* be one of *efforts*. Oh! that they may not be performed wholly in my own strength; but I have sadly failed in the quiet trusting-spirit to-day, and the worldly thoughts have been wholly un-Sabbatical! One of the advantages of this journey will be, that I shall have more quiet time for Bible-reading and thought. May each of its privileges be made use of; and may I prove a real help, and not at all a hindrance, to my father and mother.

“PARIS, 5th mo., 14th, 1843, 1st day night.—And here I really am with my dearest parents! I cannot keep much record in this way, and attempt no real journal but what I write home, yet a little may be accomplished. The bustle of leaving was great, and stupifying to *feeling*, of

which I was glad. It was happily, comfortably accomplished, and all necessary things done.

“3d day—To Upton. Nothing could be kinder than Aunt Gurney and Sarah, and all were.

“4th day.—To Dover with John Henry, who most kindly has brought me hither.

“5th day—Crossing to Calais, and on to Boulogne.

“6th day.—Journey by *Diligence* gave me many pleasant hours for thought. Partly, I hope, I was rather earnestly engaged in desiring for *us* more rich spiritual blessings, and for the *other dears* of our set, whom I have been so intimately thrown with lately. I am afraid I do not desire for ourselves quite from the right motive. I have so strong a feeling of there being no earthly happiness without the sense of Divine favour, that I desire too much on *that* ground *alone*. I had some nice talk with dearest J. H. How very kind he has been to me; his tenderness is more than I could have expected. We arrived on seventh day morning, and had a sweet reception. How heartily I do wish that my joining my dearest parents may indeed be a help to them. To be ever so little with them, is a great privilege, and to be anything like a help in such an engagement as this, a still greater. I much feel the weight of our journey, and think Papa but poorly. We had a large philanthropic party here on seventh day evening, and three very interesting religious occasions to-day. Aunt Fry is most delightful as usual, and I have enjoyed meeting the Countess Pelet, and some other of my Parisian friends again. I *do* hope I shall be able

to be a very cheerful companion to my parents, who want it. I know how constantly one has to feel that for every circumstance of life, a qualification *beyond* one's own natural sense, and even natural affection, is wanted, to enable one really to fill one's place, however small that place may be. I feel it very much about this journey, and also hope that it may be a time of teaching to myself, and of *quickeniug*, if so it might be; for I have been sadly inclined, even to-day, to be absorbed in matters infinitely trifling in comparison with those which ought to occupy so far more of my thoughts and heart than they do. I write my serious mind here; but if the whole of my thoughts, for a week, could be put down, how small a proportion would they bear to others—the trifling, useless, *worse* than *that*, which so often occupy me. But this journal would not give to any one, but myself, a true idea of me.

“LYONS, 1st day afternoon, 5th mo., 28th, 1843.—I have been reading over what I wrote this day fortnight, at Paris, and I think our journey since that, has really prospered. We left Paris on fourth day, after the dear parents had had a capital interview with the Royal family, and were quite relieved. We have had some pleasant days' travelling, and many interesting meetings and engagements of that nature. It has been our business to find out the little body of Protestants in each town, and a sweet set they are, so simple, so warm-hearted. Here the way has opened remarkably for meetings with the people, and though we entered the place as strangers, we are now surrounded with kind friends. I never felt anything more “weighty” than some of these meetings, and never saw Papa more oppressed and burdened before-hand;

but one after another has been wonderfully got through. To-night, we are to have a gathering at this hotel, chiefly composed of that part of the Protestants who are not orthodox. It is a great relief to have Papa *really* better—he was so poorly at first. My mother has been anxious about him, and low herself, being oppressed by the numbers of people who interrupt us at all hours, and all places.

“I have enjoyed very much being with them, and am truly glad I came. We have sometimes had a particularly quiet, peaceful feeling, and after the bustle of home too, the quiet hours in the carriage have been most refreshing to me. I like to meditate on the past, present and future, as relates to myself. *There*, being full of occupation of late, I have been too much taken up for my good or comfort, and have especially been too much curtailed in my own Bible-reading, which never answers. To-day has been a very sweet one. Our own quiet, little meeting, this morning, was delightful, and the time for thought and reading since really valuable. I was so tired with a long day of standing about in the prisons yesterday, that I do not go out to-day at all scarcely; and I hope there has been some little coming back to those precious comforts, which I miss so far more than I need, by neglecting to *seek* them. THE FORGIVING LOVE! how constantly one has to come back to *that*. I think I have felt it a little to-day, and surely I need it.

“CONGENIES, 1st day, 6th mo., 14th, 1843.—I am too tired, after a very full day, to write much, but I must just say that our journey has been very interesting since I wrote last. I shall not soon forget the relief of quitting Lyons, with the sense of the work being so satisfactorily ac-

complished, and with Papa so easy and happy in mind. The last meeting was exceedingly solemn, and all our dear friends showed us the greatest warmth and kindness. I cannot doubt that an impression was made there. It has been so beautiful to me to see both sides of the picture, to watch one scene of labor presented after another. At first it all looks shaded, but by degrees the light breaks in, and the way opens for each concern as it comes, in a manner most interesting to watch, and curiously *confirming* of our Quaker way of going to work. The effect of my mother's ministry, has been most striking.

“Avignon was deeply touching to me. I really could not there describe as I wished to do, the effect on my own mind, of visiting the quiet grave of my Uncle Robert Fowler. The text that was with me at the time was : ‘ One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.’ ” I woke up to the sense of what sorrow was, when I heard of his death, and well remember the feeling of intense sympathy for Mamma, and the first attempts at shewing it which I made, and which have been renewed so very, very often since, towards different persons. And now, that *she*, too, was gone, and the Fowler dispensation, as it were, passed away, and I going to be married, I can't describe the sense of change it gave me ! The Pope's palace was also a curious illustration of the changing nature of things, only on a larger scale.

“ We have all enjoyed getting among the Friends at Nismes and Congenies. I have been especially interested in the flourishing girls' school at N., and longed to be able to help them a little. We have a loving friendship with the girls. I formed sundry acquaintances with some young ladies of Nismes, not Friends—nice, open-hearted girls, and

more given to talk *good*, than the French generally are. I think it is the absence of peculiarity of expression,—of what is sometimes familiarly called *cant*,—that makes the French *good* society, in general, much more tempting than the English. But this is not quite the case among the numerous Protestants of the South. My father and mother have had very good meetings at Nismes. We have a kind, dear friend, Christine Majolier, who is always with us. She is a person of much information, and strong good sense; very kind withal. The old buildings (splendid, indeed, they are) at Nismes, were a great treat to see and explore.

“Here, I am really enjoying myself. My parents are in such good spirits, and less oppressed, than sometimes, with their work; the country is so delightful, and the Friends such a really interesting group, that our stay here is quite a refreshment. I have begun to visit the families with my father and mother, which I really like, and find very interesting to watch; sometimes I have thought the occasions exceedingly solemn. We have had three meetings to-day—nice ones, on the whole; though, as usual, at the end of meeting, I find I have good reason to be ashamed of *myself*. I truly value the opportunity of watching Papa in his work of this sort, and was never so much struck before with his beautiful, *heavenly* spirit. He does seem so *full of grace*; how I do desire that abundance of a gift so precious may be given to us all. To those of whom I think so often, and about whom I care so much in these matters, as well as to myself; I write that I *desire it, so I do*; but I am afraid I sometimes rest satisfied with a vague desire; and to the mere wisher, no promise of supply is given.

“ CONGENIES, 6th mo., 24th, 7th day afternoon.—Another remarkable fortnight has passed away, and the last week I had rather give an account of here, than in my journal letters. We have had truly a time of deep anxiety, but now are relieved and happy to a delightful degree. The beginning of last week was spent in finishing the family visits, some of which were really remarkable.

“ On fifth day we were to go to St. Hypolite. Papa came down, looking very tired, and said he had had a very bad night. We did not think much of it, however, and proceeded on our journey. At Fontaness we met a few Friends, and had an interesting little meeting with the Brun family, and others. We were glad to reach St. Hypolite, after a tedious, tiring drive. Papa had another poor night, and seemed very much fatigued the next morning, when we had a little meeting with Friends. Seeing him exhausted, I begged him and my mother not to accompany Christine and me on a visit to John Paradon's; but they seemed inclined to try, and the lovely valley we got into, was charming for a little way; but he became perfectly exhausted, and looked as if he were just fainting, when we at last toiled up to the friend's house. Here, we rested, and had some coffee. He persuaded the friends to send their daughter to the school, which they agreed to, after some hesitation, and he returned pretty easily on a mule lent him by the Paradons. But it was painful to see him in the public meeting in the evening. He could scarcely stand, and looked sadly poorly. Another feverish night, and we started for Congenies in the morning. A meeting was appointed in the little village of Crespian; and when we arrived at the Friend's house, where we expected to be comfortably entertained, we found a poor dirty little kitchen,

with a roasting fire, the weather being then so hot that we scarcely knew how to bear being exposed to the sun, even for a minute. Poor Papa was taken with a violent shivering fit, and we clambered up some narrow stairs to the family bed-room, for him to rest. Our hostess snatched up a dirty child from a dirty bed, and, apologizing for her husband having been using it to rest after his work, she left us, and we put Papa there! He was so ill, that, had the place been decent, we dare not have moved again; but this was the woman's bed, and, after an hour's rest, Papa was wonderfully enabled to speak at a little meeting, in a very striking manner. The earnestness with which he delivered his message, almost frightened me. There was something truly awful about it, which suited too well with our growing anxiety about him. A strong young man helped him by the little stony pathway, about two hundred yards, to the carriage. We were glad enough to have him there: but I shall not soon forget the drive that followed. He kept saying, 'I can't describe the sense of fatigue I have; it is inexpressible.' And the journey seemed as if it never would come to an end. Most welcome was our little home here, which looked indeed luxurious, after what we had left. George Majolier supported him from the carriage to his own room, and there he was soon in bed, with a high, burning fever upon him, an oppressed chest, and every appearance of great illness. The Majoliers wanted me to send off for the Nismes doctor, without asking my parents; but this I did not feel easy to do, and, though I thought him very ill, I had no fear of inflammation, or present danger, which they thought apparent. My parents passed a sad night, and the Sabbath rose upon us in a low condition truly. I spent the morning with Papa, while my

mother was at meeting. He was very feverish and very much dejected about himself. I soon feared it might turn to bilious fever, and shrunk at the thought of a long illness here, away from every one, and, as it appeared at first, unprovided with all the comforts of a sick room. That day and the next, and the next, were most trying. I could scarcely speak to my mother, as we did not leave the room together. But she was beautifully enabled to do every thing for him. I never saw more perfect management of mind and body than she exercised over him. They were neither of them inclined for a doctor, and, though the fever was running on, yet there appeared no alarming symptom. We kept our anxieties to ourselves, and many a sad remembrance came back to me, as I tried to recollect all the symptoms of mamma's case, which was so similar, though more violent. If this run on as her's did, I thought his strength was little prepared to meet it, and the result was what I dared not glance at. Yet it was most sweet to know in whose hands we were, and there was a feeling of His merey over us, which was a support, indeed. I desired much to be made perfectly submissive, but it was a harder thing than I should have thought, to come to, and Papa's very suffering state was truly affecting to witness. At last I ventured to name the doetor to my father; it made him nervous, and he could not bear my saying it; but, several hours after, he said he thought it would be better to see him, and my mother and I begged G. M. to start very early the next morning for him. That night, however, relieved our dear patient by a violent perspiration suddenly coming on, in consequence of some medicine my mother gave him; and, though often very suffering, he has never had much fever since. When I went to him in the morning (while my mother left him to dress), he told me he felt

excessively ill, and did not think he should recover; giving me directions about *her*, &c. I did not really think it was so, and was angry with myself for giving way to any thing of the sort; yet I could not quite restrain my tears as he spoke to me in this way, in a very weak voice, with perfect composure, indeed, but with much feeling. It put me in mind of that strange morning when Aunt R. F. did just the same thing; but she was in still greater depths of illness. The day brightened, however, as it went on, and he was really better before the doctor came, who confirmed us in our belief of its being bilious fever, but said he thought it subsiding. That night we persuaded my mother to leave him, and I really enjoyed my post by his side. It was the first good night he had had, and it was perfectly delightful to hear him sleeping soundly, and made me very thankful and happy. Since that time he has been steadily mending, and is now regaining his strength, so that we hope to go away on second day. It is, indeed, a relief beyond what I can say, to have him thus, and raises a feeling of thankfulness, such as I have not often had before, to Him who has preserved him from going further into the depths of illness, from which in his weak state of health we could hardly have hoped he would rise. Had this fever gone on, as they generally do, I can scarcely think his strength could have stood it, seeing how very much he had been reduced by five days of it. He could not stand or walk alone, before to-day. Most sweetly, at reading, this morning, he expressed his sense of the mercy we had experienced.

“The nightingale’s notes, last evening, reminded me of all his beautiful songs to us during this anxious week, and *now* were so delightful that I could not help rhyming my thoughts to the little creature, and put them down as a memorandum of this anxious time.

“Pour forth for me a song of praise,  
 Carol thy richest, sweetest lays.  
 The strains that swell thy warbling throat,  
 Suit well my joyous heart: that note,  
 Which charms us now, we scarce could bear,  
 Its brightness seemed to mock our care,  
 When three days since we tried, the pain  
 Our loved one felt, to assuage in vain.

{ A thunder-cloud seemed rolling on;  
 { Darkness, we dared not look upon,  
 { Drew near—and then the storm was gone.  
 It vanished at His word of might,  
 Who still commands—‘Let there be light.’  
 Methinks, to Him, thy warbling tells  
 The gratitude my heart that swells:  
 Oh! may He give my soul to raise  
 The daily tribute here of praise,  
 Until those *heavenly* songs be mine,  
 Strains lovelier far, sweet bird, than thine.

“I never shall forget, I think, the charming songs of this little bird, as he sat perched, day and night, on an almond tree close to the house.

“BERNE, 7th mo., 30th, 1843. *First day.*—Just five weeks since I last wrote. Truly the first word here should be one of hearty thankfulness; and as I have been reading over the last page or two, it makes me ashamed of the flat state I am in to-day. My father is very nicely again, after much anxiety about him, during his slow restoration, which was made slower by the difficulty of diet and the other irregularities of travelling. We think him now very nearly as well as before his illness. Our journey has been

truly interesting; and it is a great comfort to have arrived in safety, and with the dear parents' minds thoroughly relieved. Then, we have had a delightful visit from J. C. B. He spent a month with us. I was so astonished to find, by a note at Congenies, that he was at Nismes, the second day after I wrote last; since that time till last fifth day, we have been constantly together. We have also had the treat of charming scenery at Grenoble, on the lake of Geneva, and at Chamouni. Finally, we have enjoyed a great deal of pleasant intercourse with many kind friends at Geneva, and seen one or two '*Lions*,' as D'Aubigné, Gaussin, Vinèt, &c. My father's objects at Geneva have been well accomplished, and I think it has been remarkably *given* them to soften prejudice, and to promote Christian unity. I shall not soon forget my young lady-friends, Caroline Gaussin, the Perots, &c.

"ZURICH, 8th mo., 6th, 1843. *First day evening.*—How strange that I should have omitted, in last week's journal, any mention of dear Anna Hoare's death, an event so truly to be felt. One never does realize quite in the same way, as when near the spot, *any event*, yet I have thought much of all the dear family party, especially poor Joseph, whose situation is desolate indeed. I do not think in our circle there is a pair, happier than they were in each other. Few so happy. He has been a devoted husband to her, and they have shared much of suffering and sorrow together. For *her*, dear creature, one peculiarly feels the glory of the exchange of earth for Heaven! The relief of being free and painless, is the *part* of the change we can the most appreciate perhaps, though the

*least* part of all the glory that has burst upon her, we cannot doubt.

“We have had the treat of some delicious scenery, since I wrote last, and highly enjoyed it. Altogether we have had a very pleasant week, I shall not soon forget the beauties of the Grindenwald, the meeting at Interlaehen, and our little visit to the dear Countess Pelet, this morning, at Baden. I have had *such* a loss—my dear old Bible—if it is finally lost, but it may appear again.

“BASLE, 8th mo., 13th, 1843. 1st day.—I have been reading an account of the Crucifixion, this morning, and, also, that splendid Epistle to the Hebrews. So wonderful and so grand as it is! Oh! to drink more deeply of that *boundless* love, and to know something of the “joy unspeakable,” and that we may not be in the least deceived, or in any way taking up a *false* rest. I do not like to go to bed without mentioning the very interesting evening which we have passed. A solemn meeting first, then supper, and a memorable time with thirty-seven of the students in the same room. A fine set of young men they are, and animated apparently by a fine spirit. It was impossible not to look at them with great interest, many of them soon to leave, and *all*, before five years are over, to be scattered through the world. What a focus of light may that company be! And how much, poor things, they may have to suffer! Papa addressed them in a striking way, and the whole thing has been a delightful conclusion to our Swiss journey; “an evening,” as Dr. Pinkerton said, “to be remembered by us all.” Parting with Switzerland is like parting with an old friend. What a delightful time, on the whole, we have had here, and what a very

remarkable opening has been made in one place after another for the work.

“BRUSSELS, 8th mo., 27th, 1843. 1st day.—This is the best date of all. So near home, as it looks. We are all much pleased to be so near the end of our expedition, most interesting as it has been. This day week, we were at Stuttgard. I think our stay there was as interesting as any part of our journey. We were completely bird limed, till the King came home to be visited, and then our *striking, solemn* time with him, and the Queen, and their children, was one long to be remembered! not only for its own interest, but as a proof, that true, real concerns are always brought about in *some* way. We have had a rapid journey from Stuttgard, by the Rhine and railroads, and now hope to be off for England to-morrow. Papa returned thanks in our little meeting, this morning, for all the mercies we had experienced. Truly they have been many. How well I remember the end of our last journey, in 1841, and how I used to ponder on our return—on *Papa's* marriage, as I do now on my own. I always thought I should not mind my own so much, and I do not in some ways, though at times, I hardly know how to think of it, or realize to myself the idea of leaving home! I have thought much and deeply of it the last few days; and, oh! that He who appointeth *all* for me, may himself condescend to bless *every* step *every* day. I long, as it were, to creep under *his* shelter in thinking of the effort, and the excitement of the next two or three months; and have had some real comfort in reflecting on the mercies of a Heavenly ‘FATHER.’ ‘He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall *abide* under the shadow of

the Almighty.' However far I may be from anything so blessed, yet *that* is what I *long* for, and what perhaps I may one day have a taste of! But I am afraid that if any body had seen me sometimes the last few days, most inconveniently tearful eyes would have told a tale of a heart too trustless, and too ungrateful. But it is impossible not to feel *this* return home exceedingly; though considering what it is, I am little troubled with fear or anxiety, touching, as it is, to think of quitting my *own dear ones*, and weighty to think of a new series of duties, and a new sphere altogether.

"I had a very interesting visit to the grave at Manheim. I could not help wondering if *she*\* saw me, and if she knew what I *was*, and was to *be*. It was very touching to see that lonely grave!

"EARLHAM, 9th mo., 6th, 1843. 4th day.—Oh! how shall I touch the mournful tale which I have to record, of Harriet Cooper's illness and death! I cannot even now realize that *that* lovely, laughing, happy creature is gone, and that that glowing form is already in its grave. But I will go back to our own history.

"We left Brussels on second day morning, and had a long day's journey to Dunkirk—to Calais on third. There, Josiah Forster left us; but the weather not being tempting, we concluded to remain till the next morning. We had a profoundly quiet day. I felt it was such a day of repose, as I had not had for long, and should not have soon again. But I greatly felt coming to the end of the journey, and the end of this time with my parents. Home looked rather formidable. We crossed on fourth day. Were met

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\* J. C. B.'s sister who died on the Continent.

very kindly by the William Fry's, and drove on to Sandgate. There we found Aunt Fry and H. Streatfield. Aunt but very poorly. H. S. very sweet and kind. We lodged at the inn, and in the morning she came to us, during reading. When it was over she told us, that she had sad news from Runcton; that Harriet was ill, *very* ill—then that she was no more! I guessed her tale from her pale face, as soon as I heard of “accounts from Runcton.” I cannot say what the consternation of the moment was, or the melancholy of our journey to Upton. I could only think over and over again, ‘Can it be true?’ I had so often compared my prospects with hers, and thought of our married life beginning about the same time, and now *hers* was *over*—that lovely, sweet creature gone! The meeting, at Upton, to which we had looked forward for so long, was very sad; instead of the usual exclamations of joy, it was in silence and tears. I knew Bessie would be much upset, and ran off to her in the Green-house parlour. We were both very much overcome, and I do not remember many more touching moments in my life than that. Bessie has been her most intimate friend, lately especially, and deeply feels her loss. We did not hear any particulars of the event, till Uncle and Aunt Gurney came home the next day from Runcton, and then they told us what they could. She had been at home just a week, returned in a very serious state, and became rapidly worse. Most of the last day, she was insensible, and before *that*, not aware, they think, of her state; neither, indeed, were those around her. They read texts and hymns to her, to which she seemed to respond; and an hour or so before her death, her consciousness returned enough to smile upon them all. Cousin R. E. Cresswell and her husband nursed her most tenderly. Both are now

deeply afflicted, as is her poor dear father also. All the children and servants feel it *very* much. I never knew a family event that made the same impression on every body. All the young people—the young men as well as the girls—feel it exceedingly. Upton was silent and quiet, so as I never saw it before.

“We were very quiet all sixth day, scarcely able to talk about our journey, or anything. My parents went to Croydon on first day. I was sorry not to go with them, but did not feel inclined to stir, or to leave the party.

“*2d day.*—We came down here, arriving quite late. It was delightful to meet J. H. A long discourse with him, in his room at night; then with Howson, who was full of her tales about all the people’s kindness, and zeal in doing my work, &c. Very pleasant to hear.

“*3d day.*—We did greatly enjoy this dear place, which looked more lovely than ever, and, I hope, felt truly thankful to be again here, and Papa so nicely. Yet, oh! it was so *sad* to fancy the scene at Runcton, when the funeral was going on. I cannot describe how affecting it was, and how stupifying to all other feeling. Aunt Catherine came back to dinner. She is pale and low, but quite as well as I expected. Aunt Cunningham came with her—as usual, it is most pleasant to have her, but she too is low. To-day, I have finished putting books, and so forth, in order—took a sweet little ride by myself. I enjoyed the distant view of Earlham; and was very glad to be again on horseback. I think it cleared my brains a little, for I have felt really *oppressed* ever since my return. A. Opie, to-night. We have spoken much of dear Harriet; but I shrink from talking about it, it is so touching. Yet I do feel quite

happy about *her*, dear creature. Surely she has been preserved safe by that Heavenly Father (whom she *did* love) for this *very end*; and through the mercy of her Saviour, we may believe she is rejoicing in glory with her dear mother. I remember quite well, that the thing I was struck with in her religious mind, was her simple dependence on, and her love for the Saviour—I thought, to an uncommon degree; and I remember thinking how few, even of persons of more religious experience than herself, had the same happy child-like faith! We *know* in whom she has ‘believed.’ I cannot now attempt to put down the vivid impression of the uncertainty of all things temporal, that this event made upon me at first. May the impression not fade away too quickly! Surely if any one is taught by it, I *ought* to be, linked as I have been with her.

“*7th day night.*—I must confess that I am glad to come to the end of this week, which has been one of those in which the “chariot-wheels of life” have moved more heavily than common. The sort of oppression and stupor that I have felt, has been really painful, produced partly by rather a run of company on an under current of such strong feeling, and with the image of that dear creature almost constantly before me. We have had some interesting letters about her, and such striking testimonies from E. Lowry, (her governess), and Gordon, (the house-keeper,) to her humility and constant affection.

“My parents have been busy with Father Matthew, to whom we were introduced in the eloisters on fifth day. He is perfectly simple and unpretending, and, *I* think, charming—not talented, I should say, but winning from

his affectionate way. It was curious to see him give the pledge, and very pleasant to think of the good he is doing.

“The last two or three days, we have had Gurney and Mary Barelay, Jane M. B., Unele and Aunt Birkbeek, and Priseilla Johnstone. I enjoyed being with Jane. She was so kind and understanding. Priscilla most interesting, as usual. Aunt C. has been low; and I never was more at a loss for the ‘wherewith’ to comfort any body, being so very flat myself.

“*5th day night, 9th mo., 27th, 1843.*—I write to-night chiefly to record the capital Bible meeting yesterday. We had the usual large party to breakfast. The meeting looked thin, when we entered, but I never heard a better set of speeches. The Bishop, Unele Cunningham, Pryor, Alexander, and then Papa. It was quite a treat to hear him, in his best manner, describe the *need*, and the *effect* of the distribution of the Scriptures on the Continent; its effect in opposing infidelity on one hand, superstition on the other, and leading them to the religion of the New Testament, “without diminution, without addition, and without compromise.” It was listened to with great attention, and had its impression on many who were there. Rather an unusual set—twenty-six clergymen. I love to see Papa in such a place, so completely in his atmosphere as he is, and the whole feeling was glowing towards the cause itself. To-day, we have had the quarterly meeting—a solemn, quiet one. Robert Alsop, who is here, surprised me, by his beautiful sermon on dedication of heart and life, and on confidence in God. Accounts of Aunt Fry, very trying. Oh! that the sorrow of her further illness

may be averted! To-morrow, we go to Runcton. Ah! how sad it will be; I *shrink* from it.

“EARLHAM, 10th mo., 7th. 7th day evening.—I am sorry I have not been able to write before, for I should have liked to have given a detailed account of my interesting visit to Runcton. The drive was very sad, and my mind was crowded with remembrances of that day eight years, and of all that had passed since. Willy met us at the door, and took us into the drawing-room, when the darling girls glided in, one after another, silently, and in a manner wholly unlike their usual greeting. Dear Uncle greeted us most warmly, but he truly *felt* our coming. It was very sad, and the thing I longed for, was some one out of the family, who felt it so much that I might have relieved myself in sympathy for them. The children were truly sweet; but even in the mourning for herself, how did I miss dear H. Willy and I had a nice conversation in the course of the evening. I was much interested in his mind, and his greatest delight appears to be to talk about *her*. After I went up for the night, E. Lowry came and told me the sad tale. I hardly liked to be left, after hearing such an affecting story; but I scarcely ever remember such a sense of the reality of Heaven, as I had that evening, when I was quite alone! Inexpressible was the consolation of turning from the *earthly sorrow and conflict* to the *heavenly joy and peace*. The next morning we spent at Lynn. R. E. C. proposed my staying after my parents, and I was very glad I did, though I felt sad enough when I was left without them. The evenings were always industrious and quiet, and I had a long reading with Willie, on coming up stairs. One

or two very nice, intimate talks with my Uncle, more on the present than the past. I was a great deal, and very pleasantly, with the girls. Dear Rachel is most sweet and interesting; and I *did* know how to sympathize with her, dear child. Hay was very agreeable and feeling.

“*3d day morning.*—I came home; spent all the afternoon with Sarah, in Norwich; and had a sitting from R. and P. Alsop in the evening. This was really a comfort to me, for I was low before. After speaking to my parents, P. A. addressed herself to me, expressing much sympathy, and then very sweetly encouraged me to place all my dependence on the Almighty, saying, ‘That I should be enabled thus to fulfil all my duties with holy propriety,’ exhorting me not to cast away my confidence, but to be in all things watchful and faithful. My heart went with every word, with the desire that it might be fulfilled. R. A. prayed beautifully afterwards; altogether the opportunity was one of those for which we ought to be thankful. The last few days have been as usual. A great party of Friends on sixth day. Some very nice talk with Jane B. Now dear Uncle and Aunt Fowler, their son, and nephew, are here. The days do bring their trial with them, and we are just now clouded by Aunt Fry’s illness. The accounts are very discouraging. I cannot bear to think how it may end. My Cousin Hudson Gurney has been very ill also. Thus things look gloomy, and I feel the effect of them. A sense of dependence on a never failing Protector, *alone* makes these times easy; and truly my desires are very often raised to Him for his guiding, teaching help. What should I be without *that*, in looking forward into life! I know I ought to be very

thankful for all the merey shown me ; but I am afraid that I am too apt to be overweighted by the oppressive sense of leaving so much that is dear, and of meeting so much that I know nothing or little about. But,

“What thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.”

“*First day evening, the 27th of 10th mo., 1843.*—This is the last Sabbath but one, before my marriage, I suppose, and I will try and write a few words while Aunt Catherine sits by the fire. I am really sorry not to say more of days whose history I wish to remember, but it is impossible, with the multitude of things I have to do. The Foxes were here the early part of last week, and I was with them a good deal—most agreeable they were. H. C. B. came home poorly; and little Charley Gurney, who had been staying with us, became so ill that I could not leave his side. He made us all truly anxious, and we were glad to get him safely packed off to Runcton, the next morning. Aunt C. has been sadly nervous about him, but the accounts are better now. He is a dear, sweet fellow.

“*5th day morning.*—I was poorly at home, and enjoyed some very quiet, almost solemn time alone—only a little disturbed by Aunt C.’s anxiety about Charles. That afternoon, Chenda came, and has been with us since. Her company is most delightful, helpful, and comforting. Her sister-like tenderness, and her powerful clear mind, do me such good.

"6th day.—The Ketts, S. Hoare, A. Opie, to lodge. C. and Lady Jane Wodehouse, and the girls, meeting them at dinner—a really pleasant, bright party. H. C. B. rose from her bed of illness, as we thought it, to pay them a visit. Sarah G. is come back to the Lodge, and is a good deal with us. I have been very, very busy—packing to superintend—farewell calls to make, &c. &c. I have been a good deal with Aunt C. My parents and John Henry between times. I cannot enter much on my own mind. I am often truly low, and inconveniently tearful; but, on the whole, I get on fairly, and am quite tranquil, with a little trust in Him, who is *Almighty*—enabled to believe that He will help, sustain, and guide.—Keep me near Himself, and teach me to serve and love Him, as I desire to do. Duties of every sort rise before me. Oh! may the help for them be abundantly given. Uncle Forster's sermon, this morning, wonderfully fine.

"7th day night, 11th mo., 4th, 1843.—It is very late, yet I must say one word of this week—the last, I suppose, of my unmarried life.

"On second day, Sarah and Chenda and I went to Halesworth. We had much and very interesting discourse, such as we shall long remember, on general and individual interests. Priscilla most interesting as usual. Chenda left us on third day; and the week has rolled on heavily since, with Sarah and me. Aunt R. Fowler has joined our party. The Ham-House circle came, this evening, to John's—Bessy, this morning. It is most helpful to have the latter. I am very quiet in mind, surprisingly so, to myself, and I have got through almost all my business. Oh! may it be, that in the coming week, over

every interest, and every conflict, there may spread that sheltering wing, which is extended by the God of peace; and in hearty trust in Him, may we be carried through each successive effort in His fear, and with quiet confidence in Him as *our Father!* I dare not touch on the details past or to come; but I think I may look forward to the hope of a happy tranquility this day week. If I do not write again until my marriage, surely I must say before I end, how greatly I desire to acknowledge, with deep thankfulness, the *innumerable mercies* I have received up to this point in my life. "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul! and *forget* not all His benefits." I desire that this may be my motto. 'I besecch you, therefore, brethren, by the *mercies* of God, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto the Lord, which is your reasonable service. And be not *conformed to this world*, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

On the 9th of 11th month, 1843, Anna Gurney became the wife of John Church Backhouse, of Darlington; and, in confirmation of the increase of happiness which this union was the means of bestowing upon her, it is only needful to quote her own words, in one of her first letters after she quitted the paternal roof:—"It was a great trial to part from you, but 'I have all, and abound.'"

The beautiful residence, which her husband had fitted up for her, on the banks of the Teese, (and in which she afterward so greatly delighted) not being quite ready for their reception, they settled for a month at Polam Hill,\* after their wedding tour.

How does the first entry in her journal evince the strength of her affection for her only brother, to whom her heart continued to be closely bound.

"NOTTINGHAM, 11th mo., 12th, 1843.—I cannot say how earnest have been my desires on behalf of my beloved brother, that, if he loses, by my leaving him, something of *help* and encouragement in his religious course, it may, through mercy, be abundantly made up to him, by the

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\* Polam Hill, near Darlington, was the residence of H. C. Backhouse, who, with her children, had been spending the greater part of 1843 in Norfolk, at the home of her early childhood.

same Gracious Hand which calls me away. I feel how little I have done, in this, or any other way, for him, dear fellow; but I know, now, in leaving, how deeply I have clung to him, and how constantly my heart has been filled with love and care for him. It shows me how mercifully I am provided for, when the place of such as he, and even of my precious parents, seems supplied. Sometimes, I must confess, I should have been almost overwhelmed with the change of position, and all it involves, had it not been for the belief, that an ever-present Father is with us, our shield and our stay—one in whose hands are all things.

“Letters from home, this morning, have been sufficiently touching; especially the account of my dearest father’s feeling my departure a good deal more than I expected he would. It has brought to my mind all the unusual privileges I have enjoyed, and that verse in Isaiah IV, has been solemn to me this morning: ‘What could I have done more to my vineyard than I have done in it?’ Most earnestly do I desire that I may not bring forth ‘wild grapes.’ I have been full of desire—I think I may say prayer—this morning, for the precious gift of grace for us, that all-sufficient grace which guides, and helps, and teaches, and protects. How much I have to be thankful for, in knowing something of its helping power in my single life! May it be the first thing which we seek, and may it guide every step of our way.”

None of the affectionate little notes addressed to her parents, on her wedding journey, appear to have been preserved. The following was written the day after her arrival at Darlington:

“POLAM HILL, 12th mo., 23d, 1843.

“My dearest mother :

“How I wish I could give thee a long account of last evening, and this morning, also ; but Blackwell has run away with my time, and I can only send you a few lines. We came by the train from Derby yesterday, and did not arrive till near eight. The Beechwood carriage was in waiting at the station, and brought us to Polam. Dear Eliza met us in the hall. A most warm greeting ensued from her, there, and from our father and mother in the drawing-room. I only felt they were too kind, especially as I was too much stupefied to say any thing ; and yet I most thoroughly enjoyed their cordial reception of us. Eliza came up with me to my own room, to take off my things, and then we were very glad of some tea. It felt so truly odd to be at Polam, and not see the dear Polam circle ! Soon after, we went back into the drawing-room, we had a precious little sitting ; my mother B. kneeling down, and very sweetly returning thanks for all the blessings bestowed upon us, and praying for each of our little party. It was such a contrast to the numbers we left at Earlham : but just the same peace seemed to rule everything. I think you can understand me. This morning we have inspected our various packages, which have come quite safe ; and Eliza has introduced me to all the servants. Every thing has been most beautifully arranged for us ; but I cannot enter into particulars now. We three have since been to Blackwell, which is in great confusion, but looks most promising. The garden is charming, and the house very pleasant, indeed. It looks more entirely to my taste than I expected. But I shall write a long account to Aunt Catherine, in a day or two. Many thanks to all for their

letters, dearest Papa, especially. Cousin E. Pease has sent me a most kind greeting, and has called, but I was out.

“Now I must stop. How I wish I could send you a more descriptive account. But you will know from this, that again I can say, ‘I have all, and abound.’

“Most affectionately thine,

“With dearest love to you all,

“ANNA BACKHOUSE.

“POLAM HILL, 12th mo., 22d, 1843. 5th day evening. My room.—As this, I suppose, is my last night at Polam, I will try and say a few words of the month we have spent here; I feel it has been a month like all the others of this 1843, very full of life; one that I shall not soon forget. We have had a luxurious habitation in this beautiful house, to which I feel quite attached; and, amongst all the odd things, it has not been the least to find myself mistress in a place with which I have such different associations!

“We arrived on fifth day, the 22d of 11th month. I felt coming very much. My new parents and Eliza met us here and gave us a very warm reception. Once, for all, I must say how *heartily* kind they have been to me, all three of them. With Eliza, I was on an intimate footing directly. With my mother, I am so now; and, though, of course, I have not had the same opportunity of being exactly intimate with my father, yet his constant kindness makes me feel quite easy and open with him. I cannot write all I would about these dear ones, but truly I ought to be thankful that *such* a family is the one I have entered. Dearest Eliza is away now, but she was most sweet while she stayed. With the rest of the circle I was much pleased; their kindness is so genuine and hearty, and their reception of me has been so truly cordial, that I could not but prize

the love from which it springs. Especially I feel the value of the dear Aunts at West Lodge, and of my dear cousin, Emma Pease, and her party. Perhaps, if coming here does me no other good, it will at least make me perceive advantages and privileges under a new shape.

“Blackwell pleases me very much. We are to begin to-morrow our life there. It is a little like being married over again, and it makes me rather low to-night, to think of the responsible position which the mistress of a family occupies. I have not often more strongly felt how greatly I need help; yes, even *grace*, which is *THE* help. I fear the period I have spent here, has been one in which the occupations of mind and thought have diverted me from the diligent *seeking* of that grace, and I ought to be humbled under a sense of my own cold-heartedness and neglectfulness. ‘Fervent in spirit,’ I wish to be my motto; but how very little has it characterized me the last few weeks. We had an interesting, *rousing* visit from Benjamin Seebohm; but, except that, outward helps in these things, have not been great. I miss Papa’s Christian spirit over me; but I desire to remember, that, where we are providentially placed, there, if we prosper not, it is our own fault; and sometimes I do know and feel, that my Heavenly Father, in his forgiving love, does not cast me off.

“I have much enjoyed our daily readings. Oh! if we may indeed have abundance of the ‘dew of Heaven,’ I should have nothing left to wish for.

Dear Unele Buxton’s, and Aunt Fry’s state of deep illness has been a great trial, and is so, still. I have painfully felt being away from Northrepp’s. I hope I do not end my poor little account of this month without feeling thankful to Him, who is giving us so many mercies—who truly ‘crowneth the year with his goodness.’”

To the beloved family at Beechwood, into which she was now introduced, consisting of John Backhouse, his wife, and widowed daughter, she soon became warmly attached. Alive to the excellence of their Christian character, and impressed with a grateful sense of their unremitting kindness to herself, her young heart glowed with daughterly and sisterly affection for them. And, truly, this affection was returned abundantly; they loved her as *their own*. Her married life was, in every respect, a very happy one; and, in 10th month, 1844, she became the mother of a lovely little boy. In allusion to him, she says, 12th month, 20th, 1844:

“We had the great pleasure of shewing our darling boy to his Earlham grand-parents. They have been so delighted with him; more than I could have expected. They came to Polam on sixth day, and spent seventh day morning here. Baby was perfectly good, and I do feel that the very great pleasure he will be, if he lives, to *them*, is one of the chief happinesses connected with him, dear little fellow! They are staying at Polam, but, of course, we have been constantly together. On fifth day the four grand-parents dined here, and dear Baby descended in his night clothes to be exhibited. It was quite a pretty sight, to see that poor little mortal, surrounded by all the elders, admiring him.

“I am afraid the warmth of my heart is far, far less than it should be, in thinking of all our blessings. How apt each new one is, to become an engrossing object of attention, and to draw away from the Source of all good. May I be preserved from this deep ingratitude, of which I have found more than I like to say, in myself.

Of her first visit to Earlham, after the birth of her little babe, she says :

“3d mo., 1845.—John Henry’s most welcome voice greeted us at the Norfolk Hotel, and we were soon bundled—Baby, maids, luggage and all—into the Earlham earriage. Happily, Baby awoke as we drove up to the door, and was in an excellent mind, and ready for the seizure which ensued; three or four maids quarrelling about him in the hall, and every one calling loud for him, as soon as we got up-stairs. We found Aunt Fry and Louisa, Aunt Catherine and my father and mother, all at dinner. But I must not attempt to say how they rejoiced over Jacky, or to give more than a very slight account of our visit. Aunt Fry and her suite were at Earlham, for two or three weeks of our stay, and I had a delightful opportunity of being with her. She is very sweet, but certainly her power of character is much weakened by her protracted sufferings. I think you see it more in the loss of her commanding dignity, than in particular failure of memory, or any thing of that sort. Such cases are affecting to witness, but they show that *there is something stronger and more enduring than powers of body, or understanding, and which remains when the rest decay.* Dearest Aunt Catherine was very nicely on the whole, though feeble, I thought. She extremely enjoyed Baby, who was charmed with *her*. It gave me great delight to see her enjoyment in him. I had some very nice private conversations with John Henry, which excited *all* my heart for him, dear fellow, with sometimes rather a painful feeling of his want of somebody to take my place towards him. What happiness it would be to see him well married; but how difficult is this. Then my father was most dear and delightful to me; rather dif-

ficult to get at, his occupations absorb his mind so much ; but I had him by seraps, and once or twicc most pleasantly. It was the greatest treat to see him and his grandson together, especially when Papa was resting in the afternoon on the bed, and Baby came to him. With my mother, the child was always in full glee, and most kind she was to him. I truly valued her growing love and interest in him, and it was quite beautiful to watch her kindness to the many guests who were constantly in and out. I had a good deal of her company, which was very valuable to me.

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I can't pretend to enumerate the visitors, small and great, who came to see us.

The following note appears to have been written a few months after her return to Blackwell, and serves to shew that neither time nor distance could at all diminish the warmth of her affection for her parents, nor her tender sympathy and interest in all that concerned them :

“ BLACKWELL, 11th mo., 17th, 1845.

“ My dearest mother :

“ I received thy letter yesterday, and was very much interested in thy account of your visit from the Chevalier Bunsen and his lady. I am not surprised to hear how much you liked them, and long to know them myself. Of the other part of thy letter, I hardly know what to say. Thou knowest how every pain of Papa's *afflicts* me—I do not think the word is too strong. Yet, in regard to the present cloud, I am thankful to be able to believe that brighter days will come. With thee, dearest mother, I

do, indeed, most deeply sympathize. Thou hast so very much to feel on every side ; and I am afraid we all save thee too little, when we pour out our troubles to thee. Yet I am always rather inclined to quote B. Seebohm's text in a different sense, when I think of *thy* 'Coming to the Kingdom for such a time as this,' and of thy helping, cheering, strengthening Papa, in the deep waters through which he often has to pass. Mayst thou, my precious mother, be abundantly helped and strengthened thyself, so that the waters may truly not overflow thee. We must trust and believe that so it will be. I fancied you having a comfortable Sabbath yesterday, with dear Uncle Gurney and John Henry with you.      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Thine, lovingly,

ANNA BACKHOUSE."

In 1845, not only was she called upon to mourn the loss of her beloved Aunt Fry and Uncle Buxton—to both of whom she was tenderly attached—but two dear cousins\* also, with whom she had been on terms of almost sisterly intimacy ; on which occasion the following record appears in her journal :

"Thus two more of my familiar friends have done with time, and have entered on Eternity ! I do not doubt a blessed one to them both. I do trust these repeated *calls* are not unheeded ! The last few days have been very serious ones to me—waking me from a stupid state, I

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\* Elizabeth Barclay and Ann Hodgkin.

hope, making me feel our infinite privileges, in having *One* to plead the cause of sinners with the *righteous* God! I do not know that I have ever much more felt this. May I realize it more and more till earth is completely *outshone* in my mind by that which is *eternal*! It is well *I feel* that we have had *our* share in all these dispensations, for otherwise there would have been danger in our smooth, happy life—very, very full of blessings has it been this year. Our darling child does grow so lovely, but as I have begun a book about him, I must not enlarge. We have had, this summer, delightful visits from Aunt Catherine and the Cunninghams; two or three days from the dear parents, whom we also met at Carlisle; from Aunt R. Fowler; John's cousin, Charles Church; two or three most valuable days from John Henry, before we went into Norfolk. I have been much occupied in the village. The school has been really prospering, and a great pleasure to me."

When she removed to Blackwell, she found the moral culture of the children had been much neglected, and all the energies of her young and ardent mind were called into action, in the hope of producing a better state of things amongst them.

Her first step was to procure a good and efficient teacher. She then went round the neighbourhood encouraging the parents to send their children to school—visited it herself almost daily, and endeavoured to persuade the young ladies in the immediate vicinity to do the same. A wonderful reformation was soon produced, both in the con-

duct and acquirements of the pupils; and the school continued to be an object of great interest, until, in 1847, she was obliged to forsake her delightful home, and all her pleasant useful avocations, and take a long and fatiguing journey in pursuit of health. But we will not anticipate. The year just mentioned was one of the most marked and memorable of her brief existence, for, at its very commencement, she was deprived of a parent to whom she was so tenderly attached, that it might almost be said her life was bound up in *his* life, and death could not long divide them.

A few pages from her journal, written after her return from Earlham, will give her own recital of this deeply sorrowful event. Taking a retrospective view of the few preceding months, she says, (writing under date of 1st mo., 30th, 1847):

“We made up our minds not longer to delay our Norfolk journey, and I started with the maids and Johnny, so as to arrive there on the last day of the eighth month, spending one day first at Upton by the way. Then came five whole weeks at Earlham, including several days at Northrepp’s, and my dearest parents returned with us to Darlington, on the 3rd of the 10th month. They staid about three weeks between Blackwell and Polam, so that never before since I married had I had so much of their company. How thankful I am that these visits were permitted, for it was difficult to arrange them at first. *That* at Earlham was a very full one. They had a great deal of company—Alexanders, Dudleys, &c.; and the

Bible and quarterly meetings happening in the same week, produced rather an awkward run of people. I am so glad I was at *that*, his last Bible meeting! His speech was delightful; and most interesting to me, was his interest in John Henry's, when he nobly pledged himself to the cause his father had advocated so many years. After his death, we found in his pocket-book, a little bit of the newspaper containing J. H.'s speech. I never saw him more delighting in Earlham, than in its flowery beauty. One day, I remember particularly, J. H. and Mary were there—the latter in youthful glee, her dog Keeper and my Johnny gambolling by her on the lawn—he walking about in his eloak and eap, his beautiful hair blowing about it, really taking hearty pleasure in this dear girl, and delighted to be able to do so, while every thing glowed with sun and beauty, and his own countenance shone with *heavenly peace*! Can it—can it be that I am to see that dear loved form, walking about the Earlham garden, *no more*? How I did love to watch him there! and how bitter was it to see the eloak and cap and stick in the hall closet, at Earlham, the other day, useless! And how he did enjoy Johnny! I can see him now feeding him with grapes, and telling him about the pigs squeaking; making him repeat 'Jaek Horner'; showing him off on the drawing-room table, at the Bible-meeting breakfast, 'Now I'll show you my grand-son'; then making the child walk; never tired of all his little feats, anxious too when he was not quite good. How he did dislike it when I sent him to bed before dessert! All these recollections are inexpressibly dear to me. My child did give him pleasure, and *that* I may be glad of. *But it is over now!* Then John joined us at Earlham, in time for the

Bible meeting, and we all came back together, arriving here on 7th day, the 3rd of 10th month. I had not been well in Norfolk, and so they made me see Dr. Smith, in London—dearest Papa arranging it all himself—so tender about me—so careful of me—he never more enjoyed a visit here—he enjoyed the place so extremely—reading and drawing, while I read to him Scott's Force of Truth, &c. I remember several of the walks I took with him, especially one down the long walk. He was speaking of Harriet, who had just arrived, and saying the great comfort it was to have her, not only as to the present pleasure, but it was *such* a satisfaction to him that my mother should have one of her own, the only one she could keep he thought. I think, adding, in case she was *left alone*—at least, alluding to the uncertainty of his life—but I turned it off, for I could not bear such allusions. He wanted to have some trees cut down that spoiled his view. I had such pleasure in getting John to let me have them taken away. And now, in coming home again, it is hard to think I must never shew him any more improvements, and that the pleasure of my beautiful home is stained indeed!

“But to go on with my history. He and my mother both had very bad influenza colds, while they were staying at Polam, which detained them longer than they had intended in this neighborhood, thus giving me still more opportunity of being with them; he so enjoyed being with John, and spoke of him constantly with so much pleasure. How *extremely* I felt leaving them one evening when I thought they were going the next day! I remember telling John, ‘Perhaps I should never see him again,’ but I put the uncertainty to my own state. However, my

mother was too poorly to move, so they stayed, and dearest Papa himself had the influenza. It was such a comfort to see that he was not so much pulled down as he *had* been by these attacks, though he was very poorly a day or two. He used to think the air at Blackwell better than at Polam, and spent one day here entirely, but he was very uncomfortable most of it. I was making my wax model of him. How well do I remember it, where he sat in the drawing-room, and every thing! Oh! how glad I am that he had a home in this dear house, and that every room almost is associated with him. He was delighted to have Harriet safely arrived; and I saw directly what a nice, bright companion she would make for him this winter.

"But I must not omit to mention the meetings, while they were here. His ministry was so lovely, dwelling so much on Heaven and heavenly things. The feeling of peace and the loveliness of his spirit were remarked by many. I only could shrink from acknowledging to myself how *ripe* he seemed for a *better land*! I remember the thought passing through my mind often, and as often my turning from all it involved! Most of the time, he was in very comfortable spirits, and remarkably degagé and easy: but I must come to our *last* interview, and, oh! how does it *wring* my heart to write that word! Still I ought to be only thankful for such a parting as it was. We had dined at Polam, and, as I thought, taken leave of them there, only we talked a little of going to see them off by the train the next morning. However, the next morning I was confined to bed by influenza, and was surprised, as I lay there, to hear his voice in the hall. He had come up to take leave of us, riding on the pony. He looked so well and handsome, and was so extremely tender and

affectionate. He called for little Jacky directly, as he always did; and John and he had breakfast together. After it was over, he came into my room and sat by my bedside. We three alone; he read a Psalm, and then kneeling down, poured out such a beautiful prayer for us. How I wish I could remember it every word! But I shall never forget the general impression of it, nor how it went to my very heart. He spoke of our 'sweet natural love' for each other; besought 'that this might increasingly become a spiritual union;' and then, for our child, 'that the yoke of obedience and parental authority might be firmly established on him, as the best preparation for the *yoke of Christ*;' and more, about bringing him up for the service of his Lord, which I cannot accurately remember. Then he prayed that the 'desire of our hearts might be given us;' that he himself, if consistent with the Divine will, might be permitted to see his children's children, and peace upon Israel!

"When he rose from his knees, he sat a few minutes, then kissed me, told me to take care of myself, and he *left me*—left me *forever* in this world! Oh! may a meeting be granted us, where there is no more *parting*—no more *death*! After his return to Earlham, he wrote me more letters than usual. Such *happy* letters—bespeaking such an easy, joyous state; for though afflicted about the distressed condition of Ireland, he had endeavoured to cast off that burden, after doing all he could to help them. He spoke constantly of his pleasure in Hallie; of his happy home-life; of the beauty of the flowers, even of the cockatoo, as adding to their pleasure. Two family events of a touching character occurred at the end of the year—Uncle Hoare's sudden death, the night after

Christmas, and the unexpected birth and death of Rachel Buxton's baby-boys, on the 1st of 1st month, 1847. Thus did the new year begin gloomily to many, and seriously to us all! For my own part, I could not get over a sort of presentiment of something in store for us. 'The coming event had cast its shadow before.' It was well for us that it had. I received a delightful letter from Papa, written on 'Christmas day,' the *last* he wrote me! He did not mention that he had had a fall from his horse, in the course of that week. I heard of it, in a letter from my mother to Aunt Backhouse; but it had hardly made me anxious, as it seemed to have no ill effect. On the day before New Year's, I received the first account of his being poorly, written on the previous third day. The account did not in itself make me anxious, as it described nothing serious; but the one on the following day made me more uncomfortable. The succeeding ones were, however, very relieving. So that we never even discussed the subject of going to them. John went to New Castle on the 4th, and I spent a particularly pleasant day at Beechwood. We read my mother's note together: no one was alarmed by it. The next morning, I had a note from Aunt Birkbeek, giving me *suddenly* a most acute sense of the depths of his illness, conveying a new impression to me. I sent off for John at once. Ten minutes afterwards he came into my sitting-room, looking very pale. He had brought me the *LAST* account!! I need not describe that next hour, in which he gradually broke to me the tidings, or the *awfulness* of the shock! It is better not to do it, but only to commemorate that even *then*, we were not left to ourselves, but that with the *hurricane* came the sense of the *shelter* of the wing of our Father's love. Oh, how

has that shelter been given us ever since! Such mercy calls for the deepest gratitude; and may I be enabled to be most entirely thankful to Him, who has not allowed the ship to sink, even in *this* storm. Before I go on with my history of our mournful journey to Earlham, I am inclined to pause, and if I can, to define in some measure the effect on myself of this great change—its influence on our life, &c. And, first, can I wonder at it? Can I doubt that there was '*a need be*' in this case? How often have I thought lately, that such prosperity as ours, could not continue untouched. Life has been too swimming—too fully satisfying to the heart's affections, to be permitted to go on. Now, oh! I can feel it to be stained! It is not absolutely, that the *necessaries* of one's social life are taken away. On the contrary, I have cause for deep thankfulness that my husband and my child are left to me; but it is impossible to find words to describe how the zest of the pleasure of every constituent part of my home life, is fled. The child's *feats* are so *useless*—the beauty of my home is so *valueless*, now that I cannot show them to *him*. This is a false feeling in degree, when I really consider it, and I do not wish to encourage it. But, oh! the *heart ache* of it!! then there is the loss itself! How can I describe that! I have lost that *constant, faithful* tenderness, to which I could always go, which always seemed on the watch to help me. How different, for instance, is the pleasure of *possession* to that of his *gifts*! How I have enjoyed that hundred pounds he sent me last winter to give away! But, perhaps, more than all, I feel the loss of the *minister*, the *religious counsellor*, the *upholder* of the *highest standard*. It has been hard to understand that **THIS** has '*worked for good*;' and I have

craved, from the very bottom of my heart, that we may be permitted to drink far more deeply of the *fountain*, now that this rich and precious *stream* no longer flows upon us. How have I looked to his influence in bringing up a family. How have I valued, on these grounds as well as others, his friendship with my dearest husband. Yet I know that this wonderful loss may be more than supplied. Oh! for grace, most diligently and most humbly, to seek for the supply of *all* our needs, great and small.

“Words seem very feeble on this subject, but I am glad to have what may recall the conflict as well as the sorrow through which we have been brought; and I think I may say our desire is deep and earnest to be stimulated by his bright example, and truly to *profit* under the chastening hand of our Lord, who has, we may confess, been very near to help and encourage us. Sometimes we have had a sweet feeling, that he will not leave us or forsake us; and sometimes, as I said before, I have known something of the shelter of His wing. I have desired perfectly to submit to the dispensation, which includes the loss of some of my sweetest pleasures. What can my visits to Norfolk be now? Where can the delight of intercourse with my own be? But to return to my history. My darling husband did indeed help and soothe my sorrow. I think I shall never forget, not only his sympathy for me, but his sharing the affliction so entirely. Those days look like a *strange dream*, but one I shall never forget. We had a *coupée*, and reached London on fifth day evening. I felt wholly stunned, like a person under an immense weight; as if I could not yet receive my share of the event, but could only muse and wonder

at it. The next day we went on to Earlham. Dear Mary met us at the train. Oh! the faint, *sick* feeling of that arrival! Still it was more a *crushing* than a *sorrow*. Dearest John Henry met us at the door. He was most kind and tender; and *then* we went up to my mother!

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot describe the minutiae of my stay at Earlham. It tires me too much to write. A few things only I will mention, and first, the loveliness of those dear remains. The clay was emphatically *beautiful*, almost heavenly—the noble forehead only reminding, by its coldness, that it was altered since my hand had passed over it before. \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* He lay in his dressing-room—*my* old room! Most sweet to me was the full belief, that that beautiful form was the seed of the far more beautiful, heavenly one. That even *that* precious form, I may see again, though doubtless ‘glorified!’ I have not much to say of the funeral. It was wonderfully interesting as a spectacle. The crowded roads, the mourning city, would have been most touching in any case; but that very sort of interest took off a little, to my feelings, from the settled solemnity of the day, except at the grave, where the silence was as peaceful as it was awful and profound! And in the evening, when my mother’s most lovely memoir was read. As to ministry, not only then, but all through those days, we were permitted to feel what we had lost—not only *himself*, as if that were not enough, but Uncle Buxton and Aunt Fry—all seemed gone together! Writing is so difficult to me, that I hardly know how to say all I wish; but I must mention one or two things to make my record at all complete. And, first, about my mother! To *her*, dear creature, I feel as if I had acquired

a new and strong tie. With the keenest sense of the *weight* of the sorrow and desolation that presses upon her, I have had, at the same time, a consciousness of being *helped* by her in a remarkable way! I feel bound for *life* to her, not only from inclination, but from the strongest sense of duty; and heartily desire that I, and mine, may always prove faithful to this dear one, who is, as it were, bequeathed to our tenderest care. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* She was eminently supported by grace, but I am afraid she has drooped more and more since we left her, and no wonder! Oh! the utter loneliness of her position! \* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER IX.

One or two letters, selected from the many that were written by A. B. to her mother, during this season of sore bereavement, will show the depth and fulness of her sympathy, and the low estimate she entertained of her own progress in the Christian race :

“BEECHWOOD, 5th day, 3d mo., 1847.

“It is a relief to come to the time for writing to thee, though I am almost afraid it is hardly right for the outpourings of a full heart to come on *thee*, my precious mother. I do so well know the greater weight of thy sorrow, and especially to-day. My very heart shrinks for thee from the monthly meeting, and all it involves, returning the certificate, &c. Still there is the Power, by whom even such hard things as these may be made easy ; and I have seen thee to be so helped, that I dare not mistrust for thee even in the bitterest moments. I do endeavour to commend thee, my dearest mother, almost minute by minute, to that ever present unfailing Helper, who can never be taken away from thee—can never leave thee alone ! While I often feel I hardly dare take some of those precious promises to myself, yet for thee I can fully take them and rest upon them, and know thee to be one of his fold, and that no storm can ‘pluck thee out of his hand.’ This is my *abiding* comfort in thinking of

thee; and however unworthy, I desire to lay hold also for myself. Thou knowst how extremely anxious I shall be to hear of thee and of how thou has got through to-day. It is the greatest comfort to think of Susanna Corder being with thee. This reminds me to say that, if thou hast no objection, I should so very much like to have a copy of that beautiful passage from the journal, about 'my best, my very best,' 'my all, my very all,' &c. Perhaps, dear Harriet would copy it for me. I should just like to show it to my mother B. One can hardly in word do his spirit justice about all that matter, and as, I suppose, it is doubtful whether it can go in the journals, I should be very glad to have it for myself.

"Ever, most affectionately, thine, A. B.

"SHULL, 5th mo., 23d, 1847.

"My precious Mother :

"These days of yearly meeting do bring thee so constantly to my remembrance, that I do not feel as if I could refrain from writing to thee again to-day. Thankful, as I know thou art, for all *he* is spared, yet I am sure there must be something inexpressibly affecting in once more, and in rather a new form, recognizing the mighty change! I can hardly trust myself to think of thee, solitary at Earlham, during yearly meeting. Each day, as it goes by, is very touching to me, in the remembrance of our being all together last year. But yet, in the midst of it all, how elevating is the thought of that 'General Assembly and church of the first born,' with whom he is now worshipping; and when I remember the extreme comfort a 'real good meeting,' at these times, gave him, oh!

there is even a *delight* in thinking of him where there is no interruption to his holy happiness—where all around him are in *perfect unison*, and even where no physical infirmity now mars the joy of his heavenly employments for a single moment!

“I hardly know why I write all this, dearest mother, to *thee*; for I well know thou art enabled to take fast hold of these glorious truths, very, very far more than I can; but I do not feel as if I could help pouring out a little of my heart to thee, this morning—it is *so full* of thee and of him. I long to hear of thee again, now that thou art so much alone. I hope thy work may be prospering, and thou wilt, perhaps, find it more easy than sometimes to attend to it, when some of thy callers are away. We intend staying at Shull till second day. I think I am a good deal stronger for being here, though I cannot boast very much at present. My cough is better, but it is most tiresome in its determination not to go quite away. I feel sure it is of no importance, but should be very glad to get rid of it, as it is a tease to myself and much more to John.

“A little quiet settlement at home is very desirable before we move again. I think thou hardly knowst how completely my confinement, and poor state since, have prevented this, yet we wish very much to do what may be most comfortable to thee, my dearest mother. It will, indeed, be a help to be with thee; though there is certainly much besides in the prospect of coming to Earlham, which my weak mind can hardly bear. But I hope to be stronger, body and mind, before I think of really setting out. \* \* \* \* \*

“Ever, thine own loving, A. B.”

These touching lines were addressed to her sister-in-law, Mary Gurney, on reading "A Father's Welcome," six months after it was written :

"Sweet was the welcome, Mary! Can it be,  
Those tones of tenderness are heard no more,  
The smile that beamed so lovingly on *thee*,  
Lighting that Heaven-stamped countenance, is o'er?

"Yes, *thus* it is! 'Tis over! He has run  
His course, with aim unswerving on to life :  
For *him*, the fight is fought—the victory won :  
For *us* remain the struggle and the strife.

"Then be it ours, to drink, those healing springs  
Which fertilized the path where'er he trod—  
Gave him *that faith* which to the Saviour clings,  
His love to man, and fervent love to God!

"May *we*, like *him*, our work appointed see ;  
Such precious grace, Sister, to *thee* be given—  
That thus a "Father's Welcome" next may be  
Still *holier* welcome to the joys of Heaven."

A. B.

In the spring of 1847, her little girl was born, whom she called Eliza Jane, and in the following summer, accompanied by her beloved husband and precious little ones, she visited her early and still dear, but sadly altered, home; and, oh! how touching it was to behold her there—her pallid cheek, her wasted form, the soft lustre of her hazel

eye, rendered unnaturally bright by a warm hectic glow—all told, too plainly, that she was come to take a *final* leave of those scenes of her happy childhood; that her sun was going down “while it was yet day.” It would be difficult to describe her as she then appeared, without seeming to sketch an exaggerated picture. Though the tear was often in her eye, as the remembrance of the past came vividly before her, and though her bodily sufferings were not small, from cough, debility, &c., yet did this youthful Christian’s lovely countenance look so serene, so placid and so *Heaven-bound*, that one was almost ready to rejoice, that the short but stormy voyage of life was nearly over, and bid the little bark “God speed” into the port of everlasting blessedness. After passing about eleven weeks at Earlham, during which there was but little apparent improvement, her watchful and anxious husband (by the advice of the medical men, and in accordance with her own inclinations,) was induced to try the effect of change of climate, and accordingly, toward the latter part of the ninth month, they set out for the Continent, not having any very definite plan in view, but designing to continue travelling south, until they met with a more genial atmosphere.

The following extract from her foreign journal describes her feelings at this interesting juncture :

“NICE, 10<sup>th</sup> mo., 31<sup>st</sup>, 1847.

“How long it is since I wrote last! but I do not like

quite to forsake my little history, and I will try and put down a brief sketch of the past five months. Soon after our return from Shull, we had a deeply interesting visit from dear Dr. Chalmers, of which the particulars are elsewhere—made most memorable by his sudden death four days after he left us! Our hearts were closely united to him. I truly felt him *fatherly*, and his death was a stunning blow. I continued but poorly, but hoped the change to Norfolk would set me up; and consulting Caleb Williams on the way, (at York,) we started for Norfolk the first of seventh month, going round by Runcton.

“What can I say of that touching arrival at dear Earlham? Oh! how strange it was to find my mother and Harriet the only inhabitants of our old home! But it would be in vain to endeavour to describe the blank, which I thought increased every day during my ten week’s stay. I had rather dwell on that feeling of peace which was remarkably over us. It was truly to be *felt* at every moment, I was going to say. I was nearly united to my dear mother, and deeply interested in my beloved father’s journals, with which she indulged me most liberally. Nothing could exceed her kindness and affection all the time we were there. We paid a short visit to Aunt Catherine, at Lowestoft, and she returned with us to Earlham. It was most interesting to be with her, dear creature, as it always is. She has a house, at Lowestoft, just suited to her needs, and it is no small comfort to think of her being there. It was delightful to be with dear J. H. and Mary, who seemed most prosperous, though the loss of their little one was sad to me. However, I could not but feel in this trial, as in all others, that the Judge of the

whole earth most assuredly doeth right. Poor dear J. H. had suffered much. It was touching to think how much!

“My dearest husband was obliged to leave me in about three weeks, and I continued in a poor state of health, cough, &c.; so that, after weaning my little pet, John came to me, and we went to London together for medical advice. There, we saw Dr. S. Smith, who confirmed us in the opinion, we had previously formed, that we must spend the winter abroad. The next day, at Upton, came the affecting intelligence of the sudden death of our beloved Father Baekhouse! It took place at Shull, and was quite sudden, though hardly to be called unexpected, for he had himself told my mother, only a short time before, that he felt himself failing, and she was quite prepared to expect he would sink in one of his fearful attacks. To *him*, we have no doubt, it was the welcome summons to perfect joy! To *us*, it was one more heavy blow, and truly we felt deeply bowed down under it. My darling husband had to leave, of course, directly. I returned to Earlham; and our separation, at such a time, could not but be truly painful; but I seemed to have no power to go to Darlington, and I was thankful to be so spared as I was, in my quiet refuge at Earlham. Indeed I ought most gratefully to acknowledge, that all through these weeks, when it was impossible to dwell in anything but low places, I was mercifully helped, day by day, and all anxiety about the journey, or anything else, was remarkably taken away from me, so that I was preserved in great calmness and peace—a proof, indeed, of the tender, pitying care of a loving Father. My great concern was—if this journey should not answer, and my health should quite give way—*am I safe?* After some days of earnest desire for a true answer to this important

question, I became very peaceful on the subject—the Saviour, I think I may say, being *very precious* to me, and I felt that in my own utter unworthiness, I might throw myself on his inexhaustible merits. We were much helped through the parting days at Earlham. Dearest Eliza came to us, which was quite a stay, and we left Upton on the 20th of ninth month. Sarah Gurney, and Chenda and Charles Buxton, were our delightful companions for the first ten days, and since then, we have been travelling on by Bordeaux, Pau, and Marseilles, to this place. I am certainly better, though still very far from strong; but there seems great hope that the journey may answer the purpose intended. We have enjoyed a few quiet days here, and the treat is great of having my dearest husband all to myself. Dear baby has been very poorly, but is better; still it is, of course, a care to travel with such young children! But in this, as in all other things, we desire to commit our way to our merciful Father. How tender has He been to me! Surely I can say, ‘He has attended to my cry,’ raised, as it often is, in weakness of body and mind. May all teach me to depend more and more upon Him for the supply of every need.

“LEGHORN, 11th mo., 30th.

“I open my book to record another sorrow, which it has pleased our Heavenly Father should come upon us. Our precious little baby died last sixth day, at Pisa, after about ten days’ illness! She had been in very poor health all the journey, and though she seemed to get nicely again at Niece, where we staid a fortnight, her disorder returned just as we left Genoa, and by the time we got to Pisa, I believe no human skill could have saved her, she was so extremely wasted, dear little lamb. The Doctor, at Pisa,

seemed to think we might take her to Rome, and I believe his persisting in this, helped to blind me to her real state; but a change for the worse came over her the very morning we were to start; her head had become suddenly affected, and there was a great tendency to convulsions. I feel truly thankful that we were spared this, from which I shrank inexpressibly. Most peacefully she breathed her little life away on Sarah's lap, while her father and I were watching her. I am tired, this morning, and cannot say all I would about this event. Her dear father and I have, indeed, bitterly wept for our darling; and I have sometimes felt in my weak state of body and of spirits, as if I should be almost *crushed*! But our tender Heavenly Father has not forsaken us. He has even lifted up the light of his countenance upon us, and given, at times, a feeling of peace, which calms every thing; so that I trust we have been enabled to resign our little one without murmuring into the hands of Him, who lent us the treasure for a short season. The question is much before me, why such repeated chastenings visit us, with the earnest desire that He who is pleased to inflict them, will cause them to work for our profit, and draw us yet nearer to Himself. My precious husband and I have been most closely united in drinking this cup of sorrow, and I do not wish for any one in the world beside him. We brought our little one here to her grave on first day morning, and felt sweet peace as we stood by her little tomb."

## CHAPTER X.

Thus one sorrow after another seemed to come with crushing weight on her enfeebled frame ; but " God is faithful." He did not suffer her to be tried beyond what He himself enabled her to bear, and the song of thanksgiving and praise was again and again poured forth from her submissive, loving, and devoted heart. A few of her letters from the Continent, though they must necessarily carry the reader back a little, will give the best description of this journey in pursuit of health. Alas ! how often does it prove a *vain* pursuit :

" Hotel Wergram, }  
" PARIS, 23d, 9th mo., 1847. }

" My dearest Mother and Aunt Catherine :

" I know how glad you will be to hear we are safe, and comfortably, at Paris. We find ourselves in the most delicious warm air, wonderfully comfortable to my throat, which is more in repose this morning, than for many weeks past ; and I am less tired than might be expected, for we came late last night. We have most comfortable rooms, and are now going out for a drive. The children are quite well, and have been *very good* so far. Johnny is charmed with Paris. To *me*, dearest Mother, thou knowst it is almost too full of touching associations to be very

inspiring—and I feel the effect of this—but I am thankful, too, to be brought so far on our way, and much enjoy our dear companions. Altogether I am quite encouraged about the journey, as I have caught no cold, and *so enjoy* the air and change—bodily, I mean.

“I will try and write fully in a day or two, and then send our further address, but plans are not yet determined. The thermometer is at 78. We are called.

“Most lovingly, thine, A. B.

“PARIS, 9th mo., 24th.

“My precious Mother :

“I must allow myself one line just to thee and dear Hally, whom, I fancy, alone now, at Earlham. Thy letter, received at Upton, was the *truest* comfort to me; and I am so glad to think thou has been pretty fairly since I left thee. I hardly know how to think of thee without me; for I am sure thou must at times have missed that deep sympathy which I seldom expressed, but I felt that thou knew it existed. I do not mean to say *I did* or *said* anything to help thee, my dearest Mother, but we had *such* a tie in our constant all-pervading feeling about that precious one—such a feeling as no one else *could* fully have—that we cannot be separated without feeling it very sensibly; and while I have much to cheer me, thou art left in that dear, lonely room, and I know what it is for thee, at least I know in measure; yet I love to think of thee there, and to call to mind how help was so perceptibly given to thee day by day—the waves will not overwhelm thee—and I can fancy thou hast even thy secret pleasures over the journals, &c. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* We hear, this morning,

that dear Emma's happy spirit has *escaped*. I almost fancy thee envying her a little! How very sweet is the thought of *another safe*! They were so dreading more suffering for her, that I am sure they will have much thankfulness mingled with their sorrow. I am afraid dear Eliza would only just be there in time.

"I am sitting in our most comfortable saloon alone—my dear companions gone to the Louvre. I am really nicely; better, certainly, than at Upton, and much enjoying the mild weather. We took the most delicious drive yesterday—how Hally would have liked it—all down the 'Champs Elysees' to that fine entrance arch, and round home by the 'Bois de Boulogne.' The sun was shining, the fountain playing, the people in their pretty dresses. It was delightful, dear Hally; and the air comforted me so, that I could not fail to enjoy it. But to-day requires more care. Dear H.'s letter a great treat.

"Pray, write directly to Bordeaux, for us, on first day week.

"The Countess Pelèt is out—fifty miles off—so I have seen nobody. It is so strange to be here, in so new a way. I think thou may be quite encouraged about me. I am certainly well-suited at least, by travelling.

"Most tenderly, thy own, A. B.

"PAU, 10th mo., 8th, 1847.

"My dearest Mother:

"I have been quite longing to write to thee for days, and now, if I am not too sleepy, I will. I have so liked fancying Aunt Baekhouse and dear Jane with thee. I do trust their visit has been a comfort, and I cannot

doubt it, though I know what an effort it would be to thee to see Jane at first, and how she would feel coming to Earlham under such changed circumstances. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* Do, dearest Mother, if thou canst, write me a little letter to Nice. I do long to know how thou truly art, *thy own self*, body as well as mind. Also, I long to know how thy work progresses. I fancy thee getting forward with the journals the second time of reading, and, perhaps, thinking of beginning printing soon. I can hardly believe it as I write it. It all seems so like a dream! only when I think of thee, my dearest Mother, in thy loneliness, then it all becomes a reality. These places, do so put me in mind of your letters—and *his* sketches—which I only wish I had looked over again; but our life is so perfectly different from yours—we make no acquaintances, and except in the way of tract-giving, can do nothing for those around us. I must indulge myself in a little private word with thee—as I know thou wilt wish to hear how I am really getting on—and I feel indeed I have much to acknowledge with thankfulness. I have begun so much more to enjoy things, than I did at first, and the beauty of scenery is very congenial. My first thought about scenery, and all small things too—flowers, fruit, &c.—is, how *he* would have liked it. I am so constantly reminded of his vivid pleasure in everything. I think thou can easily understand, dear Mother, in a journey like this, and made in a weak condition, that there are moments of a good deal of discouragement, when I feel poorly in some new way, or am anxious about the baby, as I have often been, in her tender state, dear child; but I mention these moments, because I like to tell thee how mercifully help has been given; there is such a sweet feeling pervading, of

the loving-kindness that is over us, that I can hardly help acknowledging it to *thee*, knowing how thou has sought it for us. We have, indeed, everything to be thankful for; and I quite think I am getting steadily better, though slowly. Oh! how sweet it is to think of those we love so dearly, being under the shadow of His wing, as thou art, dearest Mother, and that under *that* we may all trust, and not be afraid.

“Yesterday was rather disappointing, for it rained most of the day, and I could not get out at all. However, we fixed to remain to-day, and it has been most delicious. We took a wonderful long walk, for me, this morning, to the fine old castle, and then to the park: the Pyrenees still chose to keep on their cloudy caps, but the river and the beautiful green hills, in front, sparkled in the sun; and nothing could exceed the delightfulness of the air, as we sauntered and sat about—such a climate is a luxury to me—and as we intend to spend our Sabbath at Bagniers, still further in the mountains, we do hope not to be finally cheated of the Pie du Midi. We caught a scarlet specimen of an unmentionable, but very active, animal, on our way home, which zeal in Natural History I hope John Henry would approve. I think Mary would have laughed to see our start in the afternoon—on two bare-boned Spanish horses. However, we took a most lovely ride among the wooded hills, the view ever bounded by the cloudy giants.

“I extremely enjoyed being on horseback again; but the whole affair was rather novel. I was obliged to keep my parasol up, though the butt end had to act occasionally as a whip; and the pace the beasts like, is a sort of jog-trot; quite comfortable, doubtless, when you are used to it,

but *peculiar* at first. Occasionally, by dint of great effort, we broke into a kind of short gallop.

“Dear Hally, wouldn’t thee have liked to see us going along, I first, and husband after me? The cottage gardens, as we passed them, looked most tempting, with their grapes, figs, and medlars, but as the country people here only speak *patois*, one cannot communicate with them. We have nice rooms, and live very well, on mountain strawberries, trout from the river, and quails cooked in vine leaves. I am afraid, if you were to see dear baby, you would think her sadly pulled down. She is so thin, poor child, and very weak. It has been so difficult to get her right, but she is really going on satisfactorily now. Johnny grows fatter every day, and enjoys himself extremely. He is delighted with the oxen in the carts. John says I must stop. To all our dear love. Please write to Nice. We go to Toulouse, on the way to Marseilles.

“With dearest love, most affectionately, thine, A. B.

“MONTPELIER, 10th mo., 16th.

“My dearest Mother :

“I was rather disappointed to receive no letter, either from Earlham or Easton, at Toulouse. We do so long to have some news of you, and it is now a fortnight since John Henry’s and Harriet’s letters reached us at Bordeaux ; but I hope we may hear at Marseilles, for we seem to know sadly little about you all. We had a very interesting visit to the Courtois, at Toulouse. We were sorry we had brought no letter. However, we went to call in the morning, and the ladies soon appeared one

after the other, and kindly believed at once who we were. Directly they found whose daughter I was, they seemed as if they could hardly express their interest and affection. I gave them thy message, and they spoke most affectionately of thee. Soon the gentlemen appeared, warmer, if possible, than their wives. Nothing would do but that we must dine with them at 4 o'clock, and bring Johnny, which, as I came away at 7, we were able to do. I wish I could tell thee how delightfully they spoke of my dearest Father. They poured out their love for him till I hardly knew how to bear it. Among other things, they told us that he had been the means of entirely animating the anti-slavery cause in France.

“‘He brought ‘de Felice’ to sound opinions on the subject, and induced him to write a book, which is producing the most remarkable effect, far more than anything else that has ever appeared;’ and they now consider that the cause is gaining ground fast, and seem to have no doubt of its ultimate success. ‘Thus was your Father greatly blessed,’ said one of the brothers, ‘in these last years of his life, and you must tell your Mother, Mrs. Gurney so.’

“They begged to be most affectionately remembered to thee, and they seemed sadly disappointed that we could not stay longer. We are spending a quiet Sabbath at Montpelier, in a nice comfortable inn. We found, to our surprise, that the road to Marseilles passes through Nismes, so I hope we shall just call and see Justine Benezet, to-morrow. We could not arrange to spend first day there, indeed we had a very long, tiring day to get here. Perhaps, on some accounts, it is well not to have those dear warm-hearted friends with us the whole day, as they

would have been ; but had we known in time, we should have been tempted to do otherwise.

“Dear little baby has been decidedly better the last few days, but she is very touchy still, and I am afraid will be so while we travel, as I think the constant change of milk disagrees with her. Our plans are we feel, uncertain, till we hear a little more accurately in what state Naples is. I can’t think what we shall do, if we cannot go there. The long voyages are such disagreeable obstacles in the way of Malta and Malaga ; but I hope we may be able to pursue our first plan.

“Jackey is in high glee altogether, but rather tiresome and fretful, poor child, if he is long in the carriage. When we change horses, he entreats Schutz to put him on the saddle-horse, and there, armed with the post boy’s long whip, he sits in ecstasies, the by-standers, much amused, as you may suppose. It is a great relief that he has one side of the carriage all to himself, where he can fidget to his pleasure, and he is often outside a great deal.

“I let the maids change places a little while in the day, so that Sarah gets an hour or two outside to refresh herself. Both the maids have plenty to do ; but they behave extremely well, and hardly ever complain of anything, while nothing can exceed their attention to me.

“I did not tell thee, that the Courtois thought Johnny so extremely like his grandfather. It was quite delightful to me, that they saw the likeness so strongly, for it shews how *real* it is. Thou would have liked to see him at play with their eight children. One, a dear little girl, near his own age.

“Pray, let dearest John Henry and Mary have this letter. I long to write to them also, but as I am very

tired to-day, I must not, I think. Nine little larks, laid on their backs and spitted through, made me wish for J. H. the other day at dinner, but, generally, we see little that is ornithological, except partridges and quails. We gave some of John Henry's money to the Courtois for their valuable objects, which they liked very much.

"Dearest Mary, do write to me again soon (direct Genoa), and tell me everything. Dearest love to all. Of course, this will go to Aunt Catherine. I wonder which is Jane Birkbeek's wedding-day! at all events, dear love to her and all the party, Forsters, A. Opie, Cousin L. A., John and Laura, and dear Hally, whose handwriting I should be very glad to see again.

"Ever, thy most loving child, A. B.

"I believe I have forgotten the bulletin of myself. My chest continues to be better, and my cough is less. I certainly gain both flesh and strength, but still feel very queer sometimes; yet I am, no doubt, much better, and daily rejoice in the climate, though it is rather cloudy just now. I am not so sensitive to cold as I was, which is a great comfort, and John is most careful of me.

TO RICHENDA BUXTON.

"ARLES, 10th mo., 18th, 1847.

"My dearest Chenda:

"We are arrived at such a comfortable hotel, in good time, this evening, that I am tempted to begin an epistle to thee, though I must not finish it till I reach Marseilles; for there, I do hope we may hear something from you. If it had not been for Aunt Catherine's letter, at Toulouse, we should have had no Norfolk or London

news. Dear Sarah's, from Tours, was most acceptable. How long it seems since we parted, dear ! The account of your journey was most pleasant. I think you must have really enjoyed it. I now long to hear of your being at home, and a little family news would be most acceptable. It is nearly a month since our start. It is not fast travelling, is it, to be not quite at Marseilles ; but the journey has suited us well, and has certainly answered to me. I am not only better, but have much more power of enjoyment than I had, and some of the fine scenery has been most congenial. I think dear baby is the only one who is dissuited by travelling, and I fear she will not be really right, till we are settled somewhere. Where *that* may be, seems rather doubtful. I was a little overdone and poorly yesterday evening, partly, I think, from the effects of our visit to Toulouse. I wrote to my mother about it and our seeing the 'Courtois.' It was only too interesting and affecting to hear their lively impression of my dearest father. To-day, we called on the dear Friends, at Nismes, who were delighted to see us ; but they, too, had hearts full of the same subject. They were astonished to see I had a boy so great as Johnny ; and Aunt Catherine would have enjoyed to see him hugging an immense bunch of grapes, nearly half as long as himself, with which they *would* load him in spite of all I could say. They were most splendid certainly, like our hothouse grapes. My mother will like to know that poor Lydia Majolier, who came to Nismes without knowing we were coming, told me, with many tears, that she had just lost her Mother. I am afraid she is very solitary in her home, at Congenics. The boys' school looked very bright, under its nice young master. Poor Justine was poorly ;

but nothing could exceed their kindness and love, and we found it difficult to get away from them.

“MARSEILLES, 10th mo., 20th.

“I turned so sleepy by the end of the last sentence, that I was obliged to forego writing, and now here we are at last! It is the greatest treat to receive nine letters—one delightful one from Aunt Buxton to *thee*, for which pray thank her, with my dearest love, as I *appropriated* it. I long, dear, to hear from thee. We are very glad of the accounts being as good as they are, but I fear it is a sad time still in London. Poor dear Unele, I feel for him. We had a most interesting visit to the amphitheatre, &c., at Arles. It was quite a treat to have a peep at such real antiquities. The strangest thing to me, was the burying-ground, with its hundreds of old Roman coffins piled in all directions, the coffins so entirely remaining, what they had held so entirely gone! We had a nice, easy journey here, after our sight-seeing morning, (and, for once, I saw all the lions with ease). The wind was very strong, though warm, and I could not get outside at all, so I was rather weary, but we were here by 8 o'clock, and I am quite rested this morning. The accounts seem to be better from Naples, so that, I hope, we may be still able to go there—very likely by sea from Genoa. It is such a *pouring* day, I am afraid we shall see little of the wonders of Marseilles, if we leave to-morrow, as I suppose we shall, for Hyerés and Nîmes. We are having a shut-up morning, over letters, &c.—a pleasant change. Letters from my mother, Jane Fox, Aunt Catherine, John Henry and Mary, and Sarah Gurney—all most welcome. I have nothing particular to say of myself. I am often very

nieely indeed, and certainly much stronger; my eough and night perspirations both continue troublesome, but the feeling in my chest is far more comfortable. The maids go on very well; they are sometimes a little poorly, and sometimes a little low with the *fleas*, but they behave extremely well, and have plenty to do. Shutz continues most efficient and useful. Johnny's extreme desire to get the postillion's long whip wherever we change horses, prompts him to use all the French in his possession, and I hear him shouting from the box, '*Postillon, donnez moi, si vous plait.*' His admiration is for the rivers. Whenever we go over one, he says, 'See, mama, isn't that a petty iver?' The other day I promised him an apple, when we got to the inn. Directly we drove up to the door, he seized on it, by my leave. At that moment a beggar came up to the window, 'Oh, mama! se wants somepen to eat. Sall I give her my apple?' 'If thou likes, dear.' Instantly he popped it into her hand, and was quite content. These stories for Aunt Catherine, with my dearest love—let it go to her and Earlham, please.

"Thy most loving, A. B.

"NICE, 10th mo., 26th, 1847.

"My dearest Mother and Aunt Catherine:

"Your letters received here were most welcome. Letters are such a pleasure and comfort, as I can hardly express, separated as we are from you all, and every particular is most interesting! Thy encouragement, my dear mother, is truly helpful, for sometimes faith and patience are both a little tried; though we have, indeed, much to be thankful for. I am grieved to hear of dear Luey B.'s illness; for I fear, from thy account, it must

be very serious indeed. How kind of thee, dear mother, to offer to take two of ——'s children. Poor A.! she is, indeed, to be felt for. You would have liked to see us at our breakfast, this morning, and almost envied us, I think, at our open window, looking straight on to the sea, the sun pouring in deliciously; while you, I suppose, had each a good fire instead, to warm you. I think I told you in my last, that we intended to stay here a few days. It is quite pleasant to get a scrap of settlement, and we are nicely established in beautiful sunny-rooms—the nursery just on the other side of the passage. There is not so much beauty as I expected in the situation of this place, but the sea is very lovely with its *deep blue*! We are much nearer to it than thou art, dear aunt, at Lowestoft, and not in the heart of the town—quite an advantage. We arrived here on seventh day, after a sweet journey of nine days from Marseilles. We went to Hyerès on the way. It looked very tempting, with its fine gardens of orange trees; but I should think it would be a dull place to stay long at; the sea is three miles off, which would be a great loss, I think. I can hardly say how delightful it was however, there and at other places, to see the real blue Mediterranean, and to make more and more acquaintance with it, as we travelled on. Its brilliant colour, dear mother, would charm thee, and now it is delicious to be close to its waves. The sun is very hot; but I do not at all long to stay here for the winter, for there is at times a decidedly keen air, and I have no doubt the wind would be really trying, further on in the year. We found there was a highly esteemed English doctor here, and as there were some things, (bathing, diet, &c.), about which I wished to ask advice, I was glad to take advantage of it,

and saw him yesterday. It was pleasant to find that he had married one of the Daltons, who live near Darlington, and knew all about the Backhouses; so that he turned out quite friendly and kind. I liked his doctoring; he seemed so very reasonable. He says much the same as the others—that there is nothing of importance the matter, but a very low state of circulation, and he thinks the stomach much out of order, in which I quite agree with him. He says it is just the case for a warm climate, which will do what nothing else can. He recommends horseback, and plenty of the open air, but no fatigue body or mind. I had a warm sea-water bath yesterday, which, I think, suited me, and a capital ride on a nice horse. So you see I am quite devoted to taking care of myself. Dear baby is much better; but I intend to speak to him about her, when he comes again; and, I think, we shall be all the better for being under his care. You must not think I am worse; it was not for *that*, I consulted him; but because I thought that, *for once*, a little medicine would do me good. I am taking a tonic, and, he says, I am to eat meat in plenty. He makes me exchange the *vin ordinaire* for Bordeaux claret, which is not stronger but sounder wine. I have been on the shingly shore, this morning, enjoying the waves breaking on to it. Now I have my luncheon, and then we are going to ride. The children and maids take a nice walk after their dinner, at 2, and Johnny generally goes out besides, with his father, or Shutz, in the morning. We dine at 6. Yesterday, after dinner, I was overcome with sleep, owing to my ride, bath, &c; but after tea, I woke up, and we had a very busy evening, I working and John reading. It was quite disagreeable to go to bed at 10 o'clock. I write all these

particulars, because I think they are what you best like to know.

“We had hoped to have met two of John’s cousins, (the Church’s), as we heard from one of them, that they are likely to be here; but we have seen nothing of them yet. We hardly know where to ask you to direct, as our place for wintering is still uncertain. We both wish for Naples and Palermo; of the climate of the latter every one speaks well; but whether we can go there with safety, is uncertain. If you write by return, we think we should catch letters at Genoa; after that, Rome, where I think we must go, if only to hear about Naples. I must now get ready for a ride. Dearest love to yourselves, J. H. and M., and all.

“Ever, your most loving,

A. BACKHOUSE.

“NICE, 11th mo., 4th.

“My dearest Mother:

“I must enclose Mary Ann’s epistle, with a few lines of my own, partly to say that I think her account of me is not good enough, as my cough is certainly better, though not gone, and John says I look much better, and I am decidedly improved in every respect. We intend leaving this place on second day, and, I think, we have remained as long as desirable. It is most flat to get no letters, but I hope we may have some at Genoa, next week. I hardly know how to write, I feel so in the dark about you all.

“Yesterday, we took a charming long ride into the country; and to-day, we are going boating. It sometimes seems very odd to have the object of our lives a constant

*holyday-making* ; and it would not be comfortable, if there was not a far stronger motive than pleasure in it. As it is, we do our very best to get all the good we can, and nothing can exceed John's care of me. He is most watchful on all occasions, so that it is impossible for any one to be better attended to than I am. We may not give away any books here—which is rather sad—but the government is most strict about it; and if the rule is broken, it is of no use, for they are instantly given up to the priests by the people themselves, who do not venture to read them. It is a remarkably agreeable looking population—the women so neat and compact and nice-looking, and the men decidedly interesting with their dark Italian faces. Last night there was a great illumination, in consequence of the King having granted liberty of the press and some other favours. John said it was quite a beautiful sight, and the people seemed so perfectly orderly, though in great glee. Johnny is becoming a well-known character here, as he rides on my horse, and marches about the town with Schutz. His beauty is sadly spoiled by the mosquitoes, but he looks fat and flourishing. You would be amused to hear him (driving chairs as he used to do at Earlham), saying, 'Now we'll go to Bordeaux;' 'Now we'll go to Paris;' 'Stop, I must put on the sabot,' or 'Now we've got to the hotel, but we won't stop here; they have'nt got nice beds'—all his plays partaking of our present mode of life. Dear little baby is really nicely, and very sweet. Our courier, Schutz, is most kind to her, and she is very fond of him.

"When shall I hear again from thee, dear Hally? My very dear love to John and Laura, and Uncle and Aunt Forster. I hope thou received J.'s letter, which he despatched a day or two since. Dearest love at Easton.

Oh, how I do long to hear again, but I dread what the news may be, about poor dear Luey Birkbeek.

“Ever, dearest mother, thy most loving child, A. B.

“N. B. John says I am improved in my writing. I hope thou thinks so also !

“PISA, 11th mo., 24th.

“My dearest Mother :

“After my letter to J. H. and Mary, I am sure you will be anxious for further accounts of baby. She is a little better, I am thankful to say ; but it has been a sad attack, and if thou could see her poor little emaciated body, thou would not doubt her having been very ill. She has certainly more power than a few days ago, so that I no longer feel seriously anxious as to the result of this present attack, but her whole state is a most delicate and difficult one. She was so extremely reduced, with apparently so little cause, (for the diarrhœa was far from violent) ; the loss of flesh was so wonderfully rapid, that I felt much alarmed on our first arrival here ; and I am sure thou would have been so too, had thou seen her lying on my knee last seventh day, pale and sunk, her eyes half shut, and her little mouth open and drawn up. As I write I feel that she is very different now ; for though she is very weak of course, she takes notice, and even plays a little for a minute or two. She has still, however, a great tendency to sickness, so that it is difficult to nourish her, poor little darling, but she has improved in this altogether. Of course, it has been quite impossible to move ; and I hardly know how we are to accomplish the transit to Rome, where I should be very glad to be settled ; but we may, perhaps, get off by sixth day evening’s steamer ; and

as we have again lovely weather, we should be glad to take advantage of it for our voyage. We have no choice about sea, as it will save us a six days' journey by land, quite out of the case in her present condition. She has no teeth nearly through, so that I fear we shall have her in a very delicate state; but if we are settled at Rome for a little time, I trust we may see her get into a stronger one. I am very nicely indeed myself, and now that the rain has ceased, the air is delightful. I do not attempt to take much part in nursing darling baby, so that you need not fear my being overdone. Nor do I think I am at all more anxious than is quite reasonable, and, altogether, endeavour to keep very quiet about her. Sarah manages her beautifully, and Mary Ann is most willing to help, either with Johnny or her. Schutz, too, nurses her almost by the hour together, and a most capital nurse he is, while the dear father's part is to help everybody, which he does most effectually, so we are well off. Pray, go on writing to Rome, as I quite expect we shall stay there for sometime.

“Ever, dearest Mother,

“Thy most loving, A. B.

“PISA, 11th mo., 26th, 1847.

“My dearest Mother :

“I am sure we shall have thy very near sympathy, when I tell thee that our darling baby's illness terminated this morning in her peaceful death! Though she had gained some strength, yet her disorder was never the least really subdued; and yesterday afternoon I perceived it had gained more power over her. However, the Doctor still thought we might start to-day; but when I went to her this morning, her glazed eyes told me a sorrowful tale.

I sent for the Doctor directly. He was alarmed, and went for further advice. I held her, dear little thing, on my lap; and as she rolled up her eyes once or twice, I felt that it would indeed be sorrowful, if we had to watch her in convulsions, which were evidently approaching. I could only ask that she might be spared suffering, and, in this, we were mercifully dealt with; for about half an hour after, as she was lying on Sarah's lap, her father and I watching her, she passed so quietly away that we could not detect the moment when she drew her last breath. We had a warm bath, &c., but all was unavailing, and we were forced to believe at last, that the life of our little one was gone! I thought her looking very ill when I left her the evening before, therefore the blow, though it came at last rather unexpectedly, was not unanticipated. She looks very lovely now, the expression of intense illness gone, and her cheeks are even round again. There is no burying-ground here, and we shall have to take her to Leghorn, I suppose, on second day. It does seem sorrowful, that we must leave that precious little form, and go far from it; but we do endeavour rather to think of the spirit that 'soars on angel wing.' Of course, we are brought very low by this trial, but do most earnestly desire to yield ourselves wholly to the hand of love, which is laid upon us; and I am thankful that she was spared further suffering, which she must have had, had she lived a little longer. I wish you could see her as she lies now, looking so peaceful!

"Let this go to Easton, and dearest Aunt Catherine, &c. I cannot write to any one else; and I know how you all will feel for us. My dearest husband takes the tenderest care of me.

"Ever, thine most affectionately, A. B.

“LEGHORN, 12th mo., 22d, 1847.

“I am afraid thou hast thought me slow in writing, but I felt as if I could not write, till I received thy letter about darling baby’s death; and now it is come, most sweet and helpful it is—really appreciating the sorrow, and yet so cheering. Yes, dearest mother, I trust I have been enabled to submit to Him who has sent the blow, and in many times of bitter sorrow, I may confess to thee that He has been very near us. Oh, it is sweet to feel near to *Him*, and one can then almost rejoice in suffering. Thou knowst far more of this than I do, but it is a privilege even to taste it. Indeed I have much to be thankful for; though I would not wish thee to think, if I write cheerfully home, that I do not need thy tenderest sympathy. Oh! what all these days will be to thee, my precious mother! May the strength be indeed sufficient for the day, as it will be doubtless. I am so glad we shall not be at Rome on Christmas-day. It is a grand day there, but quiet here. Do not suffer thyself to dwell on the details of that sad week too minutely, and yet what is the use of saying so? At all events, do not pain thyself with the thought that anything more might have been done, for *surely so it was to be!* and, as thou says, *every succeeding sorrow* of this sad year makes one afresh see merey in his being taken from such pain, to perfect glory! As dear Johnny constantly repeats out of that hymn thou taught him—

“I long for the joy of that glorious clime,  
The sweetest and brightest and best!”

I wish thou could hear him saying it often to himself in bed; it always makes me think of thee, particularly those

lines. As to the book, I hope nothing will discourage thee. \* \* \* \* \*

Take courage, dearest mother, in the prosecution of this thy *great duty*.

"I have hardly left room to say that I am nicely ; but have not got on so much, as I should have done if we had not been entirely confined to the house by violent rain for days. It is clearing a little now, and they say after this, we shall have lovely weather. My cough continues much better. Indeed it is almost nothing, and when I can get out I shall soon be stronger. I can boast very little in this way just now, but I have lost all uncomfortable feelings, so that I hope I shall soon overcome my weakness. I have not half said how I hope nothing will discourage thee in thy work. We must not mind too much about it, nor must thou expect to have every one pleased. It will carry its own weight with it.

"In dearest love, thine, A. B.

"ROME, 12th mo., 8th, 1847.

"My dear Mother :

"Anna wrote to thee the day after our arrival here, but as I find the steamer sails to-day, I thought I would just send a few lines, as you may like to hear from me, how she has been since the loss of our little one.

"Before that affliction, she had sensibly improved ; had become stronger and stouter, and her spirits had recovered to a great degree their usual tone, so that she was really able to enjoy the scenes we were passing through. She felt herself decidedly gaining ground. Her anxiety about the dear baby, at Pisa, and her grief on its death, have, of course, told upon her delicate frame, but not more, I

think, than it was natural to suppose would be the case, and it is a comfort to know from what cause this painfully retrograde movement arose, which shewed itself in an increase of her cough and a general loss of strength. Since our arrival here, we have consulted Dr. Deaken, who has (even in this short time) considerably relieved her cough, and I quite hope a little quiet and (if possible) a *warmer air* will soon restore her to her former state. As we are anxious to secure both these points as soon as possible, we shall probably leave early next week for Naples, and if we do not find that place suit, and Sicily should prove in too unsettled a state, we then intend to proceed to Malta. We find it almost as difficult to ascertain the true position of Naples here as in England.

“You can place no dependence on the papers, and no letter containing any unfavorable account would be allowed to pass the Neapolitan post-office.

“Jacky is very well, and generally in high spirits. We find it impossible to make him comprehend what has become of his little sister. When we told him she had gone to Heaven, he asked, ‘Is the ‘Campo Santo’ Heaven? Will Johnny die in the Campo Santo?’ and many questions of a similar nature.

“Since I wrote the above, we have had an encouraging visit from Dr. Deaken, who thinks dear Anna already improved, and that her cough will soon yield to his remedies. He is more than ever confirmed in the opinion that it is a nervous one.

“We were glad to find so many letters on our arrival here. I hope, in future, we may be able to give you our direction more regularly.

“With dear love to Harriet, John and Laura, and all

your party, in which Anna joins, believe me, thine, very affectionately, J. C. BACKHOUSE.

"I have only time to add one word of dearest love. John has told thee all about us. I really feel encouraged about my cough, as this Doctör's medicines have certainly touched it thoroughly, which no others have ever done.

"I may indeed give a comfortable account of myself. The remembrance of darling baby mingles closely with every thing, but I have many sweet thoughts about her; and I have had more power of being interested in things here than I expected; so that I hope the spirit of *cheerful* submission, for which, I believe, I sought, has not been entirely withheld; and day by day we have reason to acknowledge the tender love that is over us.

"So do not be uncomfortable about us, dearest mother. I have hardly written any of my little book. It has been so impossible, in our unsettled life; but I will try to do it, if we settle a little at Naples.

"In dearest love, thy most affectionate, A. B.

"ROME, 12th mo., 5th, 1st day.

"My preeious Mother :

"I think those sweet and solemn words were not only given thee for those who were present, but rather remarkably for thy 'ehastened' ehild at a distance; and, indeed, they have been very sweet to me this morning. I really could not keep them from John, for I dared not—it was so intended for us—and he has been so truly bowed low, dearest mother. \* \* \* \* \*

"I am afraid thy influenza was more troublesome than I knew; but I am very glad to hear from John Henry that it

is gone. I am so pleased that thou went over to Lowestoft; for, though I do appreciate the effort it cost thee, yet it seems to have been such a comfort to Aunt Catherine, that I am sure thou wilt be really repaid. Dear creature, I am afraid she is not very strong; but her letters are most bright. All thou tells me of thy own work is truly interesting. My dear love to Uncle Forster; and do tell him how much I should like to hear of his helping in this work. Oh, how deeply interesting a one!

“But thou wilt be wishing to know about *us*. After taking a farewell of our precious baby’s grave, we embarked on the steamer from Leghorn, on 6th day evening, and had a most beautiful smooth passage to Civita Vecchia. I was not the least ill, and Johnny slept sound enough, but poor Mary Ann suffered sadly, and Sarah a little.

“We were a long while landing in the morning, and I was excessively tired and exhausted; but a good breakfast at Civita Vecchia set me up, so that I was quite able to start at 10 o’clock. It was a melancholy drive, my dear mother—the *first*, without my darling, (except to her funeral). However, dear John came inside to me. It was a most lovely day, and altogether things were made easier than we might have expected, as they always are, and we arrived at this comfortable hotel, ‘De Russie,’ in good time for dinner. We had a fine view of St. Peter’s, as we drove in, and it was most striking; but I am glad to be sheltered in our quiet inn, and to feel that the duty of seeing anything does not begin to-day. We feel very quiet; and with a little time and patience, I think, I shall recover the tone of body and mind, which this blow has, of course, brought low. I am sorry thou wast made anxious by anything I said about myself. I do faithfully tell thee the truth; and before dear baby’s illness, I was sensibly

getting on. Of course, this shock has weakened me, and prostrated the little energy I had acquired. But it is a great comfort that I am not in any way made ill by it. My chest is very comfortable, but, I must confess, still to a cough, which is most troublesome in the evening and at night, though hardly at all any other part of the day. I feel sure it is not from the lungs.

“We have always intended to see a first-rate medical man here (at least, we have very high testimonies about him), on the subject of climate, where we ought to go, &c.; for nothing can exceed the contradictory reports we hear about every place almost. I hope he will be able to help my cough, and then I might have good nights again, which would be a comfort. It shows how *nervous* it is, that it has been much worse ever since I began to be so anxious about darling baby. Dear John Henry’s letter was most acceptable, so are Harriet’s and Chenda Buxton’s. It is very sad to hear of dear Lucy’s continued illness.

“With nearest love, I remain, thine, most truly, A. B.

“ROME, 12th mo., 14th, 1847.—3d day.

“Dearest Aunt Catherine :

“We intend leaving Rome to-morrow, and, I think, I must send one more dispatch before we set out. I am sure I have great reason to be thankful for the progress I have made, during the time I have been here. Certainly Dr. Deaken has treated me very skillfully. He will hardly let me eat anything but *meat*, and orders very little vegetable; but I am consoled by being allowed to feast on oranges, for which I have quite a craving—they are so nice here. He quite approves of our going to Naples now, but he does not suppose we can stay there much more than a

month, as the winds then become so cold. I am greatly afraid that the disturbed state of Sicily will prevent our going to Palermo, which every one unites in saying is much the finest climate for the early spring. Every where else there seem to be such very cold winds; but we shall see our way, I hope, when the time comes; and we may get there after all. We are much favoured in weather. It has generally been beautiful, though it is only for two or three hours in the middle of the day that it suits me to go out—the mornings and evenings are so cold. However, the days are nearly at the shortest, and I long for the advantage of their lengthening. Yesterday, I saw some of the fine sculptures at the Capitol, which was a great treat. I do not attempt the larger galleries, as, we think, they would be too much for me; but I have tasted just enough to make me feel what a field of interest is ready for us here, whenever we are a little more free to explore it. I have, of course, often been very low; but on the whole I am quite as comfortable as I could expect to be; and the relief of having my cough so much better, is so very great, that that is in itself helpful even to the spirits, I had begun to be so extremely worn by it. Now I sleep delightfully. John and I have just been taking a walk in the Borghese gardens, which are near here—a lovely place, with seats for poor old people like me to repose upon. It was beautifully warm. I was sorry I had forgotten my parasol, though I did not find thy plaid shawl too warm over my thick satin frock. The shawl looks very nice, and is most useful. I wish I could shew thee the beautiful fountains, with which these gardens are interspersed—the sounds of running or dropping water, everywhere, would just please thee. It makes me rather

sad to see the ladies walking about with their little girls. How many happy dreams of future companionship, I had with my little Tot; but, dear child, I believe she would have suffered much had she lived; so, I am sure, I ought not to wish her back! I hope some one wrote to dear Aunt R. Fowler, to tell her about it. I had a most kind letter from her to-day, and intend to write to her soon. She will sympathize with us, I know. How I do hope thou dost not find the cold weather very trying: certainly Italy is very different from England, though it has its cold winds. I enjoy to fancy thee in thy Lowestoft home, and can do it so easily now that I know it all. What a pleasant succession of visitors thou hast had. Pray, give our very dear love to Uncle and Aunt Cunningham. I should enjoy to hear again from them. Remember me particularly to Esther. If she ever writes to Howson now, I wish she would tell her about us, with a particular message from me. I think thou hast every reason to be encouraged about my health. I am, more so than I ever was (though I am rather weak now), because, I believe, the irritation of the mucous membrane is allayed in a way it never was before; and the tonic, which is quinine and steel and some mineral acid, evidently suits me, and gives me power. I cannot describe the relief of so nearly losing that wearing cough. Please let my mother have this at once. I hope to write to her when we get to Naples, which we shall probably do on 6th day evening.

“ Most affectionately, A. B.

“NAPLES, 12th mo., 18th, 1847.

“My dearest Mother :

“Thou wilt be glad to hear that we arrived safely at Naples, and are located in a very comfortable inn, commanding a lovely view of Mount Vesuvius, the beautiful bay, &c. If the cold winds will but keep away, I think the place will suit us very well, and we are both of us glad to get here. The journey was quite easy and very interesting—just the road which Paul travelled when he was going to Rome ! Abundance of ruins every where, and some lovely views the latter part of the way.

“I am rather tired to-day, and am glad to get into nice quarters. I am sure thou would admire the orange gardens, laden with their beautiful fruit, which is fast ripening ; and a *bough* of oranges in the carriage is a most agreeable travelling companion.

“We have uninterrupted lovely weather, though the air is very cold, morning and evening ; but I never attempt going out, except just in the middle of the day. Still it is delicious to see the sun all day long, and I am sure thou and Harriet would enjoy it. My cough continues wonderfully better, though it is not absolutely gone. I have capital nights, and I hope I shall soon get a little stronger, as the tonic medicine suits me so well.

“Anna begs me to finish this, as she is rather tired by her journey to-day, and the letter has to be sent very soon to the post.

“I can fully confirm the good account she gives of herself : her nights now are excellent, almost without cough or perspiration, and she has already gained strength under Dr. Deaken’s tonics, which, considering what she

has gone through, is almost more than I could have expected so soon.

"Jacky is quite well, much interested about the *burning mountain* and the castle below our windows, where his great Unele General Church was imprisoned for some time.

"This is a shabby note to send, but we thought you would like to hear of our arrival.

"In great haste, thine, very affectionately,

"J. C. BACKHOUSE.

"NAPLES, 1st mo., 2d, 1848.

"These marked days so extremely call thee to mind, that I cannot refrain from sending thee a few lines this morning. Oh, my precious mother! what these hours must be to *thee* as they pass along! I doubt not almost every one can be traced. I have *heartily* felt being away from thee at this time; for though I could have done nothing for thee really, yet, at least, I could have *shared* thy sorrow in some measure. But it is a merey that we may commend one another to our compassionate Father oftener than the day; and this, in my poor way, I have indeed done. Oh! I do not doubt that strength has been given thee proportioned to thy need, and in *that*, I desire to repose for thee! I long to hear of thee, but I do not expect thou wilt be in a mind for much writing. Mary Ann is now copying the little that I have written in my book. I have only brought it down to the time he left us for Ameriea. I believe I must not attempt doing more just now, nor do I mind much about it, as thou knowst in fact so perfectly every succeeding year. I do not think thou wilt find anything in it that will be useful to thee, but I thought I would just send it, such as it is.

I have continued very nicely, though not getting on as I should have done had the weather been more favourable. However, I felt like a different creature, for being able to get out on a donkey, yesterday; and to-day it is lovely, so that I hope we shall be out a great deal. Such a rainy time is most uncommon at Naples. I think we shall go to Palermo very soon, and there we intend to settle down. We have seen nothing here yet, of course; but John thinks I should be able to enjoy every thing much more on our return from Sicily, than now, when they are a little more than we know how to manage.

“We had a fine view of Mount Vesuvius burning, the other night; the red lava pouring down its sides, was beautiful, while the stars were bright above. Johnny wanted to know, ‘When that burning mountain throws up stones, will they *spoil* the stars?’

“He looks a little pale from being so much indoors, but is quite well and very merry, full of play with Schutz, who is most kind to him. Indeed he is to all of us. Nothing can exceed his attention to me, only is he greatly concerned, that I *will* have such good fires, which, he says, make me weak. To-day, I really do not want one, for the sun is pouring in, and the room is very warm; so we are a little better off than you. Johnny is much amused at his window by watching the different shows that come along, especially Punch and Judy, which is a most frequent visitor. I long for thee and Aunt Catherine to hear his bursts of delight. His education is not entirely neglected. Yesterday, being first day, he took to saying all the hymns he knew, and his father and I were really pleased to find how nicely he knew them—five or six quite well. \* \* \*

“Ever, my dearest Mother, thy own loving, A. B.”

## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER receiving such flattering accounts of improvement in the health of this cherished invalid, from her own pen as well as her husband's, it would be vain to attempt to describe the effect of the following letters on her relatives and friends in England, who were beginning to anticipate, with heartfelt pleasure, her probable return to them again, at no very distant period :

TO E. P. GURNEY.

On board the Bull-Dog, war steamer. }  
OFF PALERMO, 1st mo., 17th, 1848. }

My beloved Mother :

I scarcely know how to write, or to find words to convey the tidings of the *stunning blow*, with which it has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit me. My precious Anna breathed her last, on board this ship, this morning, about 12 o'clock !

We have not been able to write for some days, to tell you that we were almost obliged to leave Naples, as the cold winds and continued confinement to the house did not at all suit dearest Anna. Though we had a rough voyage here, she seemed benefitted by it, and her cough, which the dull weather at Naples had brought back, again almost left her.

On 7th day, we were obliged to come on board this boat; and yesterday dearest Anna seemed nicely, and enjoyed a walk on deck. Last night she slept well, and went on deck again, about 11 o'clock, this morning. Soon after this, Schutz, who had slept in another vessel, came on board and told her that Mary Ann was not at all comfortable where she was. This evidently distressed her, and she begged me to ask permission of the captain for her to come to this ship. This I obtained, and she followed me to speak herself to the captain. On going back to the chair, she complained of shortness of breath. I got her a glass of water, but the feeling still continuing, she begged to be laid on deck. Two medical men were on board, who gave her every assistance. Ether, mustard plasters, hot water, &c., were applied, which revived her for a time. She soon became aware of her state, and said she 'was going to Jesus,' and 'to be with her dearest father,' and that she '*felt very comfortable*, though it was a strange place to die in.' She called for Sarah, and begged her to take care of Johnny; then kissed him, and told him that if he was a good boy he would go to Heaven, &c. She then recognized Mary Ann, who had just come on board: repeatedly said she felt very comfortable, and soon passed quietly away! It was a most solemn time! The passengers who stood around were truly kind and feeling. It still seems like a *dream*. I can scarcely believe in the reality. Surely if ever a spirit was *ripe* for Heaven it was hers; and may the thought of the unutterable joys she is now a partaker of, with her dearest father and her child, in some degree enable me to bear with resignation this overwhelming blow.

“It is the greatest comfort to me, that it was dearest

Anna's decided wish to come here. We did not conclude to come without consulting our Italian and English friends, who all thought, in our circumstances, we were wise in doing so. Dearest A. said she felt most peaceful in the prospect, and that the verse, 'There shall no evil befall thee,' &c., had been brought to her mind in reference to this journey. I cannot now write more, or to any one else, except to Beechwood. How dear Aunt C. will feel it—indeed every one.

With dearest love to John Henry, Mary, and all, thy  
 deeply afflicted son,  
 J. C. BACKHOUSE.

18<sup>th</sup>.—I could not send this letter yesterday. This morning I have followed the precious remains to the cemetery, where, for the present at least, they must repose. The captain and some of the officers accompanied me, and were most kind and feeling. Nothing can exceed the attention of Captain Key. I do not yet know what I shall do; but, of course, I shall return home as soon as possible. I will write again soon. I scarcely know whether I have written sense. I feel altogether so stunned by the suddenness of the shock; *but yesterday* she was alive and apparently well—*to-day* she sleeps in her grave! May I be enabled to seek consolation where alone it can be found.

PALERMO, 1<sup>st</sup> mo., 24<sup>th</sup>, 1848.

My dear Mother:

We are still at this memorable place, but I hope we shall be able to leave to-morrow for Naples, from which we shall proceed home with as little delay as possible. For a week we have been on board the Bull-Dog, but as it

was extremely crowded (though the captain and officers did all in their power to make us comfortable), and as Johnny had got a cold which did not improve on board, we came on shore the day before yesterday, and have found the comfort of the quiet of this inn. It is a week to-day since my *most precious one* was taken from me, and yet I can scarcely believe in the sad reality. It was an event so sudden and so unlooked for by us, and I believe by herself also!

For *her* we cannot mourn, for she was most ripe for Heaven; but to me, and to my child, the loss is indeed overwhelming; yet I desire not to murmur, but to receive all these dispensations as a proof of our Heavenly Father's love. How true is the sentence in thy addition to my Aunt B.'s letter to dearest A., of the 1st, which I have, this morning received, '*We are commencing with a year of the contents of whose unseen pages we know nothing.*' \* \* \* \* \*

NAPLES, 26th.

We arrived here this morning. What my future plans may be, is a little uncertain, as I am very anxious, if I can, to get the dear remains removed to Leghorn before I leave, and should have waited at Palermo for that purpose could I now have accomplished it. I hope, however, in the course of a fortnight, I may be able to effect this, during which time I shall probably remain here, or in the neighbourhood, and then, with the exception of a few days I shall be obliged to stay at Leghorn, I intend to proceed direct to Earlham. \* \* \* \* \*

I have, this morning, received a large packet of letters. It is most touching to think that she to whom they are

addressed is now no more ! \* \* \* \* \*

I was glad to hear of John Gurney's prosperity, and hope he may long be spared a trial like mine.

With dearest love to all,

I am, most affectionately, J. C. B.

LETTER FROM M. A. L. TO HER SISTER.

PALERMO, *January 19th*, 1848.

I must try to write you, but I know not how. Oh, when I tell you that my precious mistress is gone ! I can hardly believe I have my senses, to be sending such news to you. I am sure you will all feel for me in this *very, very great* trial. We arrived at this place, Palermo, last Wednesday, the 12th. We left Naples the day before by steamer, and had a most trying passage—all very ill, except my dear mistress, and she was really nicely, only very tired, as might be expected ; but I cannot enter into particulars now. Well, we stayed at the hotel until Saturday, 15th, when Mr. and Mrs. Backhouse, master Johnny, and Sarah, went on board the “Bull-Dog,” man-of-war ; there was not room for us all, so that I, with Schutz, went on board the “European.” My dear mistress spoke so kindly to me, and asked me if I would mind going, as she could not spare Johnny, and she thought Sarah had better be with him. I felt uncomfortable, but, of course, I did not say so to *her*. It was a wet night, but she was carried on board in a chair by two men. I heard nothing of them on Sunday ; but on Monday, feeling uncomfortable, I sent a message to her, by a man who was going from one vessel to the other, to ask if I might be with them in the course of the morning. I

went in a boat, and almost the first thing that met my eyes, on coming on board, was my precious mistress, lying on the deck! She had been walking and turned faint; but the moment she saw me, she said, "Oh, Mariann! I was afraid I should not see thee again, come and kiss me." I did so, and she said, "Don't go away. Thou hast been a faithful friend to me. It is nearly over, I shall soon be gone." I cannot describe my feelings. There were three doctors on board. I said, "is there *nothing* you can do? do try." They had given her ether, &c. I had all her clothes cut through directly, thinking they might be tight. She was sick and seemed relieved, and said a great deal to my poor master and the doctors, so calmly and beautifully! She spoke to Mr. Backhouse, and asked him if he had not better, after she was gone, try to find out the cause of her illness. Then she asked for Johnny, after taking some more ether was again sick, and then *all was over!* Poor Mr. Backhouse, his trial and grief are great. Oh! I shall never forget that day—such numbers around us; but the captain was most kind, and Lady Mountdgeombe also. We had nothing but carpet-bags on board. The captain had a place made at one end of the ship, and there I did my very best for the dear remains, with the help of Sarah and the kind Lady's old nurse. The coffin was ready by the evening, and she looked *sweetly*, as she *always did*. Poor master came in to look at her, and the coffin was afterwards fastened down, and the next morning, at 8 o'clock, was taken on shore in a boat, by English sailors—Mr. B., the captain, officers, and Schutz following in another boat. I don't know anything yet, but don't think we shall leave my dear mistress here; how glad I shall be to get back to England;

but, oh ! the pain of returning without *this my best friend*—no one knows how dear she was to me. I feel almost as if it cannot be. \* \* \* \* \*

Your truly affectionate sister,

MARIANN LINCOLN.

LETTER FROM S. G. TO HER PARENTS.

NAPLES, 1st mo., 29th, 1848.

I thought you would most likely be anxious about me, as, no doubt, you have heard of the dreadful revolution in Sicily, and I recollect mentioning in my letter to Samuel, that we were going there. However, we have, at last, got away. What an *awful* time it has been ! I never, never shall forget it. After being there two days, we were hurried off to an English man-of-war, to preserve our lives. What a night that was ! cold, and almost dark, we were all hurried off in boats to the ship—of course, poor accommodations for so many. I should say, that all the English that were staying in that place went. The officers kindly gave up their cabins to the ladies, so that dear mistress had a comfortable one. I, with many others, had to manage as we could. I lay on the floor without taking off my clothes for a week. But I have some melancholy news to tell you ! It was seventh day morning when we went on board : on first day dear mistress seemed nicely : in the evening, when she came to bed, she said, “ Really, Sarah, I feel so much better, and my cough has been so nicely all day : it is very odd, is it not ? ” The next morning, when I dressed her, she was so cheerful, and several times said how glad she was it was such a fine day ; she should be able to go on deck, and she thought it would

do her so much good. She did go, but she had not walked long before she was taken faint. I ran down to the cabin to fetch her smelling bottle; when I returned, I found her laid on the deck in a sort of fit! There were three doctors on board—all came to her assistance—but it was of no use; and I think in less than one hour, *all was over!* She was quite sensible that she was going—so sweet and so prepared to meet her Saviour. She spoke to us all, and bid us farewell. Oh, what a scene it was! I never, never shall forget it. The captain was very kind. He had a place enclosed at one end of the deck with the sails. *There* was the death chamber! There we did what we could for the dear remains! The sun ceased to shine; it rained, and the wind blew in upon us; and what with the ringing of bells, the firing of cannons, part of the town in a blaze, and the consciousness of the great bloodshed that was going on, it was the most *awful* scene I ever witnessed! Her coffin came about 9 o'clock in the evening. She was put into it, and then she looked beautiful, and seemed to have something to shelter her from the storm. Schutz stayed with her all night: it was a very stormy one. The next morning, about 8 o'clock, they were obliged to bury her. It seemed such hurrying work. What a funeral procession it was! in *boats, across the sea*: it goes to my heart while writing it.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### EXTRACT FROM J. C. B.'S. JOURNAL.

“The morning after our arrival at Palermo, the revolution, which had partially begun the day before, broke out in earnest.

"This was in fact, as we afterwards understood, the one which had been fixed upon for its commencement, but accidental circumstances hastened its development.

"For three days we were confined to the house, by the disturbed state of the town; and the noise of cannons, and the loud ringing of bells, which frequently greeted our ears, and occasionally the bursting of shells, were anything but agreeable, though, from the situation of our hotel, we did not apprehend any danger. Notwithstanding this, dearest Anna often said, how much more comfortable she felt since our arrival; and her cough, which had been troublesome at Naples, again-nearly disappeared.

"On the evening of the third day, several Neapolitan war-steamers were descried in the horizon, and it became evident that the hopes of the Palermotans, that no troops could be spared from Naples, were shortly to be crushed. Soon after this, the captain of the 'Bull-Dog' came to the hotel and advised all the English to go on board his ship after dusk, as it was impossible to say what steps the steamers might be disposed to adopt. Accordingly about 6 o'clock, we went on board and found, for the size of the ship, very comfortable accommodation. The next morning dearest Anna breakfasted with the company, and in the course of the day went on deck, which she much enjoyed.

"She appeared nicely, and dined in the cabin in the evening."

Then follows the account of the seizure, contained in the letters, which we omit, and only quote a few particulars, not elsewhere given:

"Almost from the first she seemed aware of her state, and said to me, 'My love, I shall not be here long now;'

I am going to Jesus and dearest Papa.' On my replying, 'Oh! no, dear,' she most sweetly answered, 'Yes, *I am*; I shall soon be with him. I am, indeed, going. Lord Jesus receive my spirit.' \* \* \* \* \*

She afterwards said, 'Farewell, my dearest, farewell. I wish I had made thee a better wife. This is hard for thee, but look to Jesus—love him—live to him; and our darling Johnny, do bring him up in the *right* way. Give him a good education, and let him be brought up as a 'Friend.''

\* \* \* \* \*

"She afterwards said, 'I shall soon be gone. I am so happy. It is Jesus makes me happy. I did hope to have had a more quiet end, but this is a very public one. It is a strange place to die in. I know it is very painful to you all, and for *thee*, my dearest, it will be sad for thee to be left, but don't forget to build upon Jesus. I am quite happy and comfortable, dear. Farewell all—give my love to my dear mother and Richenda and Sarah Gurney, and all.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"And truly it *was* a strange place for such a scene! On board a man-of-war, in the harbour of Palermo, surrounded by those who had taken refuge there; with nine of the Neapolitan Navy anchored near; one of the officers rubbing her hands, another preparing to administer some stimulant, amid the roaring of the cannons, and the ringing of the bells on shore, *there she lay!* The doctors now gave her some more ether, and said she was better; but dearest A. replied, with a smile, not easily to be mistaken, 'Yes, *you* think so, but *I* know. You think of sending me to sleep, but you cannot. \* \* \* \* \*

I will try and be quiet, for it hurts my breath very much. I have something at my heart.' \* \* \* \* \*

She then asked, if it would not be well, after she was gone, to try and find out the cause of her illness. In a few minutes she became quite still, and most peacefully breathed her last!

“For a short time, at the first, we had a hope that she would revive. I cannot describe the intensity of feeling with which I watched each change of her countenance. But from the beginning, the words she uttered, ‘I am going to Jesus,’ had nearly deprived me of any expectation of her recovery. It was, indeed, an awful time—so sudden, so unexpected, and in *such a spot*!

“Every one on board was most kind, and nothing could exceed the feeling attention of Captain Key. He ordered a place on deck, where the dear remains could be placed until the coffin was ready for them; and there I took my child to behold, for the *last* time, his *mother*!

“The next morning, at 8 o’clock, all the men were drawn up on deck, and the coffin lowered into a boat; and accompanied by Captain Key and his officers in full uniform, in two other boats, we conveyed it to the cemetery, steering round the Mole to the base of Monte Pellegrino. Here all was quiet, as this part of the harbour was in possession of the troops. We landed opposite the Lazaretto. The mariners first stepped on shore, and uncovering, bore the precious burden to its temporary resting-place.\* We slowly followed; and there, in that beautiful spot, amongst cyprus, palm, aloes, and cactus, we stood in silence over her sandy grave!

J. C. BACKHOUSE.”

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\* The remains were afterward removed to Leghorn, and placed by the side of her little babe.

## CHAPTER XII.

A FEW of the letters that were written on this sorrowful occasion have been preserved, and will tend to shew how painful and unlooked for was the intelligence, and in what high estimation this beloved one was held by her family and friends :

FROM HER MOTHER TO HER AUNT CUNNINGHAM, ANNOUNCING THE EVENT.

EARLHAM, *2d mo.*, *2d*, 1848.

My dearest sister, what a stroke is this ! Our precious, heavenly-minded Anna is no more ! I feel astonished and dismayed. Oh, this stunning blow ! who could have anticipated it ? Yet never was there a spirit more meet for the heavenly inheritance ; and she is gone to be forever reunited to the father she so tenderly loved. She told me, last summer, during the hallowed weeks we passed together, that life was now so changed to her ; she had so deeply felt the removal of that supporting arm, on which she had loved to lean, that were it not for the consciousness of the duty she owed her beloved husband and children, she believed she could rejoice in the prospect of her illness terminating differently from what her dear friends had desired.

Oh, then, my precious sisters, truly painful and affecting as this stroke is, to our natural feelings, let us seek for that grace which can enable us to rejoice that the desire of her heart was fulfilled. What a *reunion* round

the throne of God! Let us turn from the grave and a'l its gloom and fearful desolation, and fix the eye of faith upon that blessed company, who, even *now*, are singing, as we may believe, the glorious anthem, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; *just* and *true* are *all* thy ways, thou King of saints.'

May we be fitted and prepared to join them, where sorrow, death, and separation come no more! I cannot write to-day, but will enclose the sad, sad tidings from Palermo, just received.

R. CUNNINGHAM TO E. P. GURNEY.

LOWESTOFT, *February 3d.*

What can I say, my beloved, afflicted sister! This is a grief, a most *heartfelt* sorrow. One view of the dispensation is as afflictive, as desolating, as anything can well be; but by faith, we may *turn* the *picture*, and there see a blessed translation, without tasting death! 'She was not, for God had taken her.' Her soul, we may believe, was "as a weaned child." Her affections were set on things above, and her final dismissal presents to us the most beautiful picture of the dying Christian, one almost ever heard of—that lovely, gentle spirit taking its departure on the deck of a man-of-war surrounded by officers, *was* strange, as *she*, dear creature, said, 'A strange place to die in'—but deeply interesting—the beautiful picture haunts my mind, and is impressed on my imagination; but what an event for *him*—words utterly fail to express it. Francis and I entered Catherine's room, this morning, with trembling. I felt exceedingly overwhelmed in spirit. The shock was great indeed to her. She looked amazed and stunned, as if she could not, and dared not, believe it; but

thy note was the very thing, dear, to break it to her. She first heard *that*, which convinced her of the awful reality. Nature *will* shrink from sorrow, but faith comes in to our aid. Oh, what a mercy that God should have removed the sting of such a curse as death, and the believer dies in perfect calmness! What could be so lovely as her translation! But, as Young says, "'Tis the *Survivor dies.*"

What must have been John's feelings, when committing that precious form into the silent grave, surrounded by officers and strangers! It is a *wonderful history!* How delightful that she was able to say, 'I am going to my dearest father—most blessed reunion! I can believe thy soul longs to be with them. Catherine now begs me to tell thee, she does feel greatly sustained. She cannot shed tears, which would be, I think, a great relief to her, but she finds much consolation in Scripture. She is now lying on the sofa calm and resigned. We are profoundly quiet. She likes me to sit with her. Francis is the greatest stay and comfort to us, and enters most deeply into sympathy with us. He did so heartily love her. Who did not in our circle? Oh, she was such a *gem!* She was so entirely the Lord's. How striking was what she said to thee in the summer? precious hallowed hours. May their memory ever be a comfort to thee. Poor, dear John, how desolate his return!—the grave to have been opened twice to his small party. And that darling Johnny—how lovely was her leave-taking of him! The whole scene seems to have been but a few minutes. It reminds us of poor Charles Cunningham's death, the place, and its overwhelming suddenness. Catherine has been comforted in looking back on the text for that day in her Moravian

book, which she always uses, 'He doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven, and amongst the inhabitants of the *earth*; and none can stay His hand, or say to Him, *what doest thou?*' 'God sits as Sovereign on the storm. He doeth *all* things well.' Our minds had been so deeply impressed by the papers, which we have been absorbed in, the last few days, and more especially yesterday morning, when we read the touching, lovely history of the death of her *own mother*. I could not read it without many tears. How have we seen that 'all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass!' I hope to write to thee again, to-morrow. It will be deeply interesting to hear further particulars. Poor John was evidently so overcome when he wrote. I think the event will thrill through our circle with much sorrow. She was such a darling, such a favourite. How John Henry is left alone, and Mary has lost a sister indeed—one whose place can never be supplied to her. How lovely was her conduct to *her* from *first to last*. What a tone of deep submission has run through her letters, with every effort to bear her afflictions with cheerfulness. This has often been quite touching to me. Ought we not to seek and to desire, that these repeated blows may have a true, weaning, preparatory effect upon all our hearts? I am thankful dear Laura was not overset by this heart-rending blow.

With near love and truest heartfelt sympathy, most affectionately, R. C.

R

E. P. G. TO CATHERINE GURNEY.

EARLHAM, 6th day.

My very dear Sister :

I felt as if I could not write to thee, until thou hadst received the startling tidings, which did indeed come upon us like a thunderbolt, on fourth day morning. But now that our minds have had a little *pause* to take in the solemn event with all its bearings, I feel disposed to have some communion with thee, on a subject so deeply interesting to us both ! On first hearing the mournful intelligence, I felt only dismay. My thoughts turned from one sorrowful heart to another, with deep sympathy for all, and then sunk within me, under the overwhelming consciousness that almost the only little gleam of sunshine which remained for me in this wilderness world, was forever shaded by the removal of this precious child. I soon saw, however, that this was a false view of the case, presented by "blind unbelief," and that a proper estimate of this dispensation is calculated to fill the heart with thanksgiving to that gracious God, who "is righteous in *all* his ways and holy in *all* his works." What tokens of tender-loving kindness, of Heavenly protection, of pitying, watchful care, could we have asked for this beloved one, which have not been granted her ? First a season of precious intercourse with many of those who were nearest and dearest to her, (hallowed, as it was, by the abiding sense, that "*time is short*"), then a choice period of intimate association with her dearest earthly friend, during which they together resigned their little helpless infant to the safe care and keeping of their Lord, and then, without a pain or struggle, in *perfect peace* (although within the sound of war and tumult), her spotless soul returned to

God who gave it, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb! What must have been the feelings of the captain, officers and crew, when they beheld this youthful Christian (to whom wisdom was indeed gray hair), at a *moment's warning*, compose herself to die? With perfect self-possession, taking leave of her darling child, her husband, and her maids, and telling them, at such an awful hour, that she was "very comfortable," that she was "going to Jesus" and to "her dearest father!" Surely *this* was the death by which she was to glorify God! Can we, for a moment doubt, that the whole dispensation, from beginning to end, was ordained by Him? Can we, for a moment, withhold the acknowledgement, that He has 'dealt well with His children, according to His word?' Still, dearest sister, though I write thus, and though I feel bound to rejoice and give thanks for the mercy, the amazing mercy, the *sparing love*, which have been so manifest in this translation, do not suppose that I am unmindful of the deep privation, the heartfelt sorrow of this blow to *thee*. I can truly say it has hardly been out of my mind—few can more entirely appreciate it than myself, for I well know what a daughter she has been to thee; but I feel sure that the holy Chastener, who is also "the God of all true consolation," will be very near to help and comfort in this hour of need; that He will permit thee, with the eye of faith, to pierce the veil which hides the unseen world, and there behold the glorious re-union of those sainted ones, who were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths *they were not long divided*. Oh, my endeared sister, surely there are favoured moments in which we seem to *partake* of their fulness of joy, and to *hear* at least their song of victory: "Worthy is the

lamb that was slain to receive glory and honour and blessing and power, for He hath redeemed us." What my feelings have been about their re-union, it would be easier for you to imagine than for me to describe! When shall I wake and find me there? I do remember the the conversation to which thou alludes, dearest Chenda; and may we not say, "the Lord hath fulfilled her petitions?" Thy letter, this morning, is truly comforting. We did so long to hear of dearest Catherine, and of you all. How striking was the text for the day in the Moravian text-book! Dear Sarah Gurney has been a great comfort to me. John Henry is as kind and affectionate as possible; and we expect dearest Sister Buxton and Chenda to-morrow. I have had a precious letter from the former; indeed, the full letter-bag, this morning, has been but too reminding of *last year*. Poor John Henry looks very low—more so than he did at first, when he seemed almost unwilling to take it in. What an unspeakable loss to him! How striking and how true was the remark in his letter to Cousin Anna, that "she had been all her life hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and now she is filled." Poor dear John Church, and that precious child! where can they be? I trust we shall hear again in a day or two. Wouldest thou mind sending this note to dear R. Fowler? She would, I know, be glad of any particulars. It was quite a comfort to me to find that dearest Anna had written to her very lately.

I am, thy truly affectionate sister,

E. P. GURNEY.

How far more sad would it have been to hear of her being in great suffering of either mind or body, and so

distant from us. Let us try to rejoice in her escape from all tribulation, to everlasting blessedness.

EXTRACT FROM R. E. HANKINSON'S LETTER TO C. G.

“LYNN, *Feb. 21st.*

“My dearest Friend :

“I feel that you may well be surprised that I have not sooner written to you, on a subject of such common sorrowful interest. I have wished to do it, but I cannot tell you how I have shrunk from touching the case with *you*. It was not necessary for me to say how deeply I could sympathize with you; because you know more almost than any one, how I valued and admired and loved that dear creature; and I knew too what she had been to you, and how close was the tie between you. She was a plant, that from circumstances, was forced into bearing its fruit too soon, and, therefore, we might be disposed to say, was too soon exhausted—and yet not exhausted—transplanted only into a more genial soil, where it can *never* be exhausted—where the north wind can never chill—where the sun will always shine upon it—where its fruitfulness will be far, far more abundant, and its beauty be far more complete. It is my strong conviction that her dear father's removal gave a shock to her constitution, that has led to this termination; and amidst all the sorrow and the loss here, I love to dwell upon their re-union—the father's welcome to his child, the child's rejoicing in and with her father! Their cup is now running over, for the Lord himself is the portion of it. But now, my dearest friend, I must turn to you; for you are so closely identified with her in my mind, that I can scarcely think of the one without having the other before me. I am so thankful to

hear that you have felt calm and sustained under this unexpected loss; and how comforting it is to know that it is the everlasting arm that is upholding you—that it is the peace of God shed abroad in the heart. It seems as if it were appointed, that one prop after another were to be removed, in order that you may be more sensible of the strength and security of the *eternal foundation*; and that God, as He reveals himself, may be all in all to you.”

\* \* \* \* \*

CATHERINE GURNEY TO J. C. BACKHOUSE.

LOWESTOFF, *Feb. 4th*, 1848.

My beloved Nephew :

Most nearly do I share with thee this heavy calamity and sore bereavement; and *inexpressible* are my affection and interest for thee and thy darling child. Thy pleasant pictures are indeed marred, and the future does appear desolate; and every thing in life tinged with mourning—the delight of thy heart and the sweetness of thy home taken from thee. May the God of mercy and compassion in some way or other supply thy necessities, and uphold thee in the path of duty and service. We must trust and not be afraid—simply relying on his righteousness and strength—if we are enabled to dwell in the *strong holds of faith*, walking steadfastly on *by faith*, not by sight—the Scripture is full of consolation and encouragement. With regard to thy own future path, I am comforted by the XLII. Isaiah, 16th verse—the guidance and protection of Providence over us—and nothing could be more applicable to our peculiar trial than those passages which relate to the overruling hand in all our concerns; all our own plans, our doings and goings, so subordinate

to the councils of the Lord. Without fatalism, we can but acknowledge, with the most unqualified satisfaction, the doctrine of Providence in its application to the most minute turns and the greatest events of life and death; and what a refuge and shelter from the storm of affliction is this! With what efficacy it tranquilizes the troubled spirit! Do, my dear John, open the book of Proverbs, and take home to thyself the following verses—chap. xvi. 9, 33; xx. 24. My text for January 17th, the day of her departure, was Dan. iv. 35. What could be more seasonable? and to herself, Ps. lxxiii. 24, apply: “Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.” Can we for a moment doubt that this has been fulfilled? Then in Job, what assurance have we of the Divine appointment and agency. Lamentations, chap. iii., are, to me, consoling, from 17th to 38th verses. Above all, let us turn to the *full exhibition of light and truth* in the *Gospel*, which meets our ease in every point, both for time and eternity! I have been greatly helped by all this; and I have been marvellously to myself sustained and tranquilized under this heavy blow, which at first was so overwhelming: but I think I never experienced so much peace and tranquility under any trial, and, perhaps, never was so enabled to look beyond all human instrumentality to the will of God, inflicting it for some blessed purpose, above our capacity to discover or comprehend. I do hope, my dear John, this may be some encouragement to thee. I fully believe you were rightly guided, and that no mistake was permitted in the whole affair, and that the result to her has been *glorious*. It was certainly remarkable that she should have been so decided in her wish to go. According to our human measures and judgment, it is extremely affecting and the deepest disappointment.

How we do feel for thee in thy unutterable privation; and as for thy darling boy, incalculable as the loss is, he will still be kept, as well as his father, under the shadow of the Most High; and he will be taken good care of by thyself, thy mother, and sister, when you return home. I am not very uneasy about him, though feeling every thing which relates to you both. I cannot enter into any other subject, and I wish to adhere to the spiritual and eternal side of the dispensation, and in this take up my rest."

C. G. TO J. H. G.

February 19th, 1848.

My dear John Henry :

Though I have not expressed it to you before, I have felt how entirely we share this great loss. It may affect us in different ways, yet it is a very sad bereavement to all of us, not only in the way of enjoyment, but still more, I think, as to her most excellent example and influence. In this respect it is very great to the whole circle of young people, amongst whom she moved as "*a shining light*." Not one in my view combined such talents, with wisdom to apply them to the best account. She was most remarkable for the *use* of the gifts bestowed upon her: her love of serving others, and contributing to their happiness by the most judicious means—her mind was so well *balanced*: under such true religious control! She possessed great Christian enlargement and liberality, "the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind." She had no obstacles in her heart to uniting with others who were led in a different religious course from herself. I do not think I ever knew any one

of her years who combined, in the same degree, the kindest sympathies with very uncommon discretion; so that she had a peculiar capacity for the *service* of those amongst whom she was placed, both in council and conduct. I always followed her advice, for I could depend on her judgment. She is, in my estimation, an incalculable, unspeakable loss, and no one can fully replace her. How much I feel for her husband and child, I cannot say. We can only trust to a merciful Providence to supply their necessities; but what a blank in life it is for J. C. B. ! What a mournful change!—his sweet, beautiful home stripped of its charm !

Well; I have lived to see the destruction of many a pleasant picture, and can only desire it may produce the full effect of spiritual fruit and preparation for Heaven; and this I do desire for us all, according to our measure and circumstances—for you, my dearest J. H. and Mary, perhaps, above all; because I know how deeply and tenderly she loved you and cared about you, and how she always longed to serve you. May the remembrance of her and all her virtues long abide, not only in affection, but in *influence*: her views and sentiments are worth being remembered, and may furnish many a practical lesson. I am not inclined to dwell much on the circumstances of this grievous event; but rather look beyond them all, to the will and agency of Him who numbers our days and has appointed the bounds that we cannot pass: in this, we must rest, and receive His dispensation with implicit submission.

I have been less overcome and affected in health by the shock than I should have expected; but I had been, in measure, prepared, by the sense of the *precarious*

tenure by which we held the prize. Still I do feel a good deal shaken by the renewal of trial at times. It is a mercy to have been kept in peace and tranquility for the most part. The situation here is very favourable for me. I ought to be truly thankful for such an abode, now poor dear Earlham is so entirely shaded, which is to me extremely touching; though I have cared less about it since this blow came to complete the tarnishing of that once loved home! I must now take my leave of you, as I am tired of writing, and am

Your most affectionate Aunt, CATHERINE GURNEY.

On the 17th of third month, J. C. B. and his precious little motherless boy, arrived at Earlham, where they remained till the 22d, and then returned to their changed and desolate home. They were accompanied by his sister, Eliza Barclay, from whose pen we extract the following recital of their touching yet peaceful arrival :

E. B. TO E. P. GURNEY.

“BLACKWELL, 3d mo., 25th, 1848.

“My beloved Cousin :

“Settling quietly in, this morning, to this *deeply shaded* home, my first writing occupation must be to tell thee how we have fared since leaving Earlham. But, oh ! the indescribable blank in every room of this once bright and happy dwelling ; and yet the very fact of her vacant place here, seems to lift the heart up more realizingly to the sense of her inconceivably happier lot ; I could not but feel, last evening, as though her spirit was still very

near us, and that could she speak, it would be to animate us to *greater love to faith and patience*—that we should not faint under sorrow, but, with renewed diligence, serve Him who has done *all* for *her*. But it is fact, not thought and feeling, that I meant to give thee. I know how thy mind would tenderly follow us in every turn of this most mournful time, and its inexpressibly touching details.

“Our journey to London was a very easy one; dear Johnny sleeping soundly, after it became dark, till we arrived at the station. About 11, he was comfortably in bed at Euston square, and seemed none the worse for his late travel. We started again at 9, the next morning, most of the way in a coupé to ourselves, very quiet—except dear Johnny’s play, but he was truly good: I very full of feeling all the way; but he kept up pretty well, till we reached Blackwell. There, my dear mother was waiting our arrival in the drawing-room, and in silent weeping we continued for some minutes, when even Johnny, for once, seemed subdued and spoke not a word. After a time, we had tea, &c., and then the comfort of a sweet little sitting, in which my dear mother supplicated beautifully; and when amidst all our sorrow, I felt there was given us a taste of that peace which is not of this world, which sustains the soul when the waves seem at the *very highest*. \* \* \* \* \* We have had a very nice visit from my dear Aunt Backhouse and Jane.

\* \* \* \* \*

“A mist this morning, and dusk last evening, were rather in harmony with our feelings, concealing in degree the beauties here, which would have been even yet more painful, if seen in greater brightness. Violets in full blow from the windows—the place looking just as it did this

time last year, when baby was a day or two old. We are now going out for a walk in the garden with Johnny, who remembers every thing, and was delighted with his nursery and toy-closet. J. requests his love very particularly.

“I am, my beloved Cousin, in near affection, thy truly attached, ELIZA BARCLAY.”

FROM E. BARCLAY TO C. G.

“BLACKWELL, 3d mo., 1848.

“My dear Friend :

“I hope my letter to Earlham was forwarded to thee, that thou mightest have a few particulars of our return. Most affecting as this has been, and as it is in every way to be here, I do think we have, from day to day, got on more comfortably and easily than we could have looked for. Dearest J. deeply feeling, but quietly meeting things as they arise, and not even shrinking from taking some interest in his beautiful garden, which, almost more than anything, must be so touching. It looks lovely, the banks clothed with spring flowers, as *she* so delighted to see them! Johnny is greatly pleased to return to his old toys, &c, and has settled down extremely well into regular home-habits. He is generally as good as I could desire, and certainly of an uncommonly sweet disposition : his little mind so companionable with all the expansion that it has undergone, that he is quite a delightful companion, and his remarks are often more like five or six, than three and a half. I have begun a little daily lesson with him, which I thought would be good in its effect, but he is already quite far enough advanced for a child of his age. I see that what now rather requires to be guarded against in his education, is, his expecting too exclusive

attention to himself. The little books thou gave him before leaving England, 'Little Charles, and original Poems,' are great favourites. I think the return to this place brought some association with it; but he had never alluded to the subject till last evening, when in a very sweet, affectionate mind, after I had been reading him a little hymn before going to bed, he said, 'Tell me something about the Bull-Dog—something that *happened* upon it.' I replied, something about dear mamma? When he directly answered, 'Yes, tell me.' Generally his associations have seemed so entirely those of pleasure in connection with that vessel, that it was quite painful to hear his glee the other evening, when begging his Papa that his own little steamer might be called the 'Bull-Dog.' His father said, 'Not that name, 'The Pilot,' or 'Cromer,' would be better.' Johnny was earnest for his own selection for a moment, but seeing his Papa look sad, he paused and sweetly said, 'Yes, yes, Papa, it *shall* be called 'The Pilot.' \* \* \* \* \*

He is now amusing himself by me in the library. I thought how pleased thou wouldst have been couldst thou have heard him yesterday. He was playing with his 'Noah's ark,' at Beechwood, when I asked if he knew why the people were destroyed by the flood? He directly answered, 'Because they were so wicked, as it says in my "grain of wheat."'

"The people were wicked and did not fear God,  
 So he made them to feel the effects of his rod.  
 Her towns He destroyed and her cities devoured,  
 By the pestilence, famine, or edge of the sword."

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\* A puzzle about some wheat, brought from Egypt.

## VERSES

BY RACHEL CRESSWELL.

THE blue sky shone above her,  
The soft breeze floated by—  
Where, on a stranger vessel deck,  
She laid her down to die.

She heard the din of battle,  
But she heeded not its roar;  
For mortal care or terror  
Could trouble her no more.

She knew the voice that called her,  
Tho' *suddenly* it came.  
She spoke of "peace with Jesus,"  
And breathed her "father's" name,

And the "babe's" which she so lately,  
Had cherished on her breast—  
For she thought of *them* in Heaven,  
And of sharing in their rest!

"'Tis a strange place to die in,"  
Were the words she calmly said.—  
She kissed and blessed her little child,  
And her weary spirit fled!

The sun shines bright as ever,  
The breezes softly blow—  
All unheeded by the mourner,  
In his solitary woe.

The bright-eyed boy beside him  
Gazes wistfully, to see  
His father's look of anguish,  
And checks his baby glee.

Poor child ! thy life will tell thee,  
Its realities impart,  
What love so e'er may bless thee,  
That *motherless* thou art !—

They'll tell thee that a mother  
Once held thee on her knee,  
*Bright, gentle, gifted, loving,*  
And HOW DEEPLY she loved THEE !

And some faint shadowed memory  
May be imaged on thy brain—  
Tread thou the path *she* has trodden,  
And ye yet will meet again.

THE following graphic description of this lovely young creature, was written by Priscilla Johnstone to Mary Gurney, soon after the sad tidings came to hand:

HALESWORTH, *February 8th*, 1848.

My dear Mary:

I have thought so very much of you and John Henry, since hearing of the event which fills all our thoughts, that I *must* write and tell you how truly I do feel it for you. Yet is there not very much to comfort under, and even *reconcile*, this startling dispensation? I mean the manner of her departure. Surely the *real* pain was in giving her up to go that journey, with the heavy forebodings of it. And to have had her spared lingering illness in a foreign land—*translated* without suffering—and so quickly, is enough to reconcile us to the shock, great as it has been! How highly characteristic was her behaviour in that awful hour—so calm, steady, and right-minded. I have been much impressed, in thinking of her with her peculiar characteristics, and in remembering her at different periods of her life. She has risen before me with the utmost vividness. I only *wish* I could *retain*, either with pencil or pen, the lively images of her I now recall—first, as a little child in that large nursery at Earham, then a little older, with John Henry, as I saw them brought to our dear Aunt Rachel's dying bed-side. That *was* a beautiful scene! After that, I recall her indistinctly for some years of her life, with Hannah Lean (her governess), under Aunt Catherine's care. Then, too, her sweetness in dear Aunt Mary's time, and her spirit and brightness as a school-room child. But after the death of

that dear mother, how did she step forward in a new position! and what did she not become as a daughter? The religious principles which had been so early, diligently, and deeply planted in her, began now more especially to show their *fruits*. She had naturally a peculiar *love of service*, a true taste for being of use, and as her character developed, *Duty* was its Pole Star. She remarkably balanced and proportioned her duties, and, to our view, seemed never to fail in them. It was a most *rare* post that she now filled. Her father's dependence on her was intense. Her unvarying devotedness to him, united with uncommon wisdom, cheerfulness, and simplicity, such as one is not often to see. I was staying at Earlham, in the summer of 1836 (after Aunt Mary's death), and never can forget the touching dependence he had upon her, and the *grace* with which, though only a child of fifteen, she filled *that post*. Again, I saw the same thing at Rennyhill, in the same autumn, and then how did she assist and strengthen him in the tremendous effort of duty he made, in leaving her and John Henry to go to America!

In 1839, during his absence, I was again staying sometime at Earlham, on our transit to Halesworth, and then I saw her in the character of *sister*. Of this, I need not speak; but, I think, it was *unequalled*; her forbearance, her love, her lively admiration and delight in John Henry. It is too affecting to think of! The next image I strongly recall is, when she came to nurse Chenda in the measles, and this leads me to remember the treasure *we* have lost—the faithful, efficient, and dependable friend and relation. There were *few*, indeed, whose company I would so desire, or whose judgment and example I would more profit from. In these years, too, the sight of her in the “eleven-sided

attie," with her Sunday scholars, is memorable. Her unforgetting attentions to H. Scarnell and Nurse Norman, and all her sweetness and fragrance as the very flower of Earlham! Then I recall the scenes (as described, for I did not *see* them), of your father's return from America, and of his marriage. I *did* see her as step-daughter; but I shall borrow the words of the mother, she so truly loved, to describe her in this capacity. Who could do it so well? She writes to me, February 11th, 1848:

"Never has that dear one shone more brightly than in her *generous, noble, loving, most unselfish conduct* to myself. In the first place, when I was the innocent means of robbing her of that uncommon dependence, which had for several years been placed upon her, and *in* which (though she was often weighted by it), she greatly delighted. Then her most dutiful, affectionate and truly tender conduct to us *both*, entering with such delight into our pleasures, and giving us the very *depth* and *fulness* of her young heart's sympathy in all our pains. But, above all, how lovely, how exalted, how far beyond all praise, was the self-sacrificing spirit with which she sought, in our *common* sorrow, to lay aside the sense of her *own* heart-breaking portion of it, while she devoted all her energies to cheer and comfort *me*. Dear, precious child! in the fulfilment of her various duties, I never saw her *equalled*, and none will ever know *what I* have lost."

The next picture that rises is of herself on her wedding-day! Her pale, elevated look, when she first entered the meeting; her happy smile afterwards; her charming demeanour through the day, thoughtful of *every one*, full of feeling, yet perfectly steady and like herself—the stay of all others. *That* day is, indeed, memorable—*both* our

fathers in such brightness! and the whole scene a crown of Earlham gatherings! I am glad to have it fixed in my mind, though now so clothed with melancholy. I saw her many times afterwards, but was not so much or closely thrown with her again, till we had the privilege of spending a few days at Blackwell, in 1846. There she was shining indeed, as wife, mother, mistress, neighbour—truly a blessing to the world around her. I saw her at Beechwood, at Polam, in her own little school, with her neighbours poor and rich—everywhere the same Anna; quiet, judicious, enlarged, hopeful, generous and encouraging; the most loving, dutiful daughter-in-law, niece, and cousin. Oh, what a hopeless vacancy is there left—a place that cannot be filled!

I next met her in January, 1847! and even in *that* scene, how was she still herself! I can never forget her on the day of *his funeral*. It is sorrowful to remember her *marble face*, so lovely, yet almost fearfully calm, holding her place even there, in those rooms, and with every one. I was frightened at it at the time; and it is painful to remember it now. Did she *ever* recover that grief? I think *not*, though other things combined to undermine her health. Only once more did I see her at Earlham; in August, 1847—not six months ago! What a picture of refinement, of chastened feeling, of quiet resolution, and, above all, of deep religious trust and experience! She was such a reasonable, sensible, manageable invalid—free from self-will, and making the best and easiest of every thing, while she conducted every thing with power and decision. I parted with her with strong love and admiration, and a *deep fear*, though not without hope. In herself, hope predominated. She told me she *expected to*

*return*, though perfectly aware of the risk of her critical state. I saw her unexpectedly for a moment, at the railway station, at Stratford; like herself was every part of her behaviour in that bustle and agitation, and this was my *last* sight of her, dear, dear creature! I deeply feel in the contemplation of her whole course and character, that something unequalled in many respects is gone from amongst us. There was combined with her grace such remarkable wisdom, enlargement, and affection; such peculiarly sound and dependable *conduct* in all the turns of life; that we can but feel that a standard is removed from our circle, and that *we*—(*our world*)—*we and our children* are truly and lastingly the *poorer*. The great loss of all—the *unspeakable* loss of her husband and child—these cannot be *touched* by me. But, oh! my heart *does ache* for John Chureh. I mourn for that darling Jacky, unconscious of his inexpressible privation!

I did so long to try and put down some of my remembrances of her, that I have poured it all out to *you*, dearest Mary. But now I feel half afraid of adding to your sorrow by it. May we, as long as we remember *her* (which surely will be for *life*), remember her *example* and *seek to follow it*.

With true love and sympathy to John Henry, whose sorrow I well believe is not easily estimated.

I am, dear Mary,

Your truly affectionate Cousin,

PRISCILLA JOHNSTON.

The preceding outline of Anna Backhouse's character was delineated by the valued cousin of

whom such frequent and affectionate mention is made in this little sketch.

Gifted alike by nature in no ordinary degree, and refined and purified by unreserved submission to the transforming operations of Divine Grace, there was much congeniality between them, and each formed a high but *just* estimate of the talents and attainments of the other. Surrounded by the luxuries and indulgences of life, they yet may be said to have lived, "as strangers and pilgrims on the earth," "seeking a *better* country." And *now*, as we confidently believe, through the fulness of atoning love and mercy, they are "*fellow-citizens* with the *saints* and *of the household of God*"—joined to that countless company, who, with the palm of victory in their hands, surround the throne, and day and night, are praising *Him* who hath *redeemed* them, "on the psaltery and harp"—praising Him "on the high sounding cymbals"—praising Him "according to His excellent greatness"—praising Him "in the firmament of His power." That this unpretending little volume may shew forth His praise, is the sincere desire of the Editor, "and let every thing that hath breath, *praise the Lord.*"





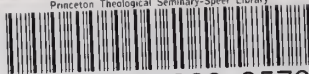








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